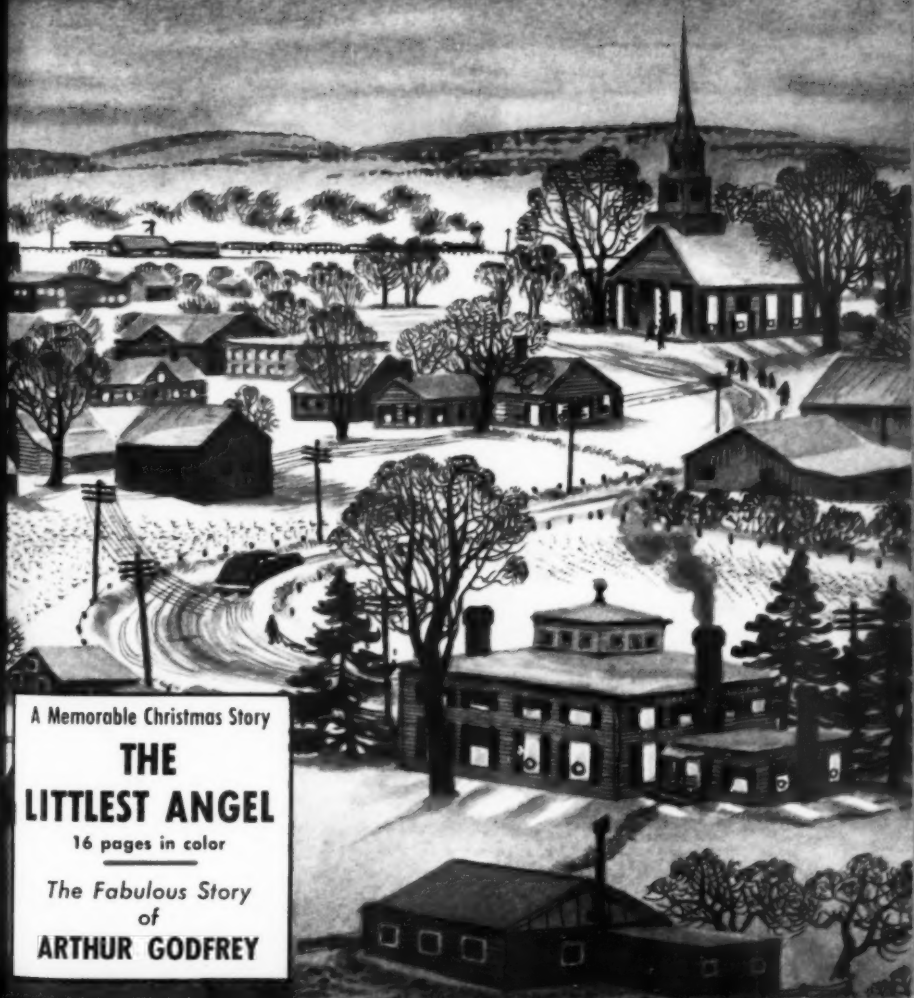


# Coronet



A Memorable Christmas Story

## THE LITTLEST ANGEL

16 pages in color

*The Fabulous Story  
of*  
**ARTHUR GODFREY**

# The Promise of America

To every man his chance —  
to every man,  
regardless of his birth, his  
shining golden opportunity —  
to every man the right  
to live, to work, to be himself,  
and to become whatever thing  
his manhood and his vision  
can combine to make him —  
this, seeker, is  
the promise of America.

—THOMAS WOLFE



PAINTING BY MERRILL HARVEY



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## How we retired with \$200 a month

**H**ERE we are, living in California. We've a little house just a few minutes from the beach. For, you see, I've retired with a check for \$200 a month as long as we live.

But if it *weren't* for that \$200, we'd still be living in Forest Hills, and I'd still be working. Strangely, it's thanks to something that happened, quite accidentally, in 1926. It was August 17, my fortieth birthday.

To celebrate, Peg and I were going to a show. While she dressed I leafed through a magazine. Somehow my eyes rested on an ad. It said, "You don't have to be rich to retire."

We'd certainly never be rich. We spent money as fast as it came in. And here I was forty already. Half my working years were gone. Someday I might not be able to work so hard. What then?

This ad told of a way that a man of 40 could get a guaranteed income of \$200 a month starting at 60. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. The ad offered more information. *No harm*

*in looking into it*, I said. When Peg came down, I was tearing a corner off the page. I mailed it on our way to the theatre.

Twenty years slide by fast. The crash . . . the depression . . . the war. I couldn't foresee them. But my Phoenix Mutual Plan was one thing I was always glad about!

1946 came . . . I got my first Phoenix Mutual check—and *retired*. We sold the house and drove West. We're living a new kind of life out here—with \$200 a month that will keep coming as long as we live.

**Send for Free Booklet.** This story is typical. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of \$100 to \$200 a month or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive, by mail, a free booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women. Don't delay. Don't put it off. Send for your copy now.

**PLAN FOR  
MEN**

**PLAN FOR  
WOMEN**

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.  
785 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name

Date of Birth

Business Address

Home Address



**PHOENIX MUTUAL**

*Retirement Income Plan*

**GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE**

# Santa comes every Month!

(Except June, July, August)



## Candy of the month Club

...with the pick of the  
World's Finest Boxes of Candy  
when you give a subscription to the  
Candy-Of-The-Month Club

Each box a unique treat—  
the famous "specialty" of a famous  
maker. Boxes retail up to \$2.50

**M**ONTH after month your friends  
will be reminded of you and  
your Christmas thoughtfulness.  
Each gift box the "specialty" for  
which the confectioner is famous.  
Selection includes:

1. Surprise Deluxe from the Country Store, Beverly Hills
2. Burnt Offering from Allie Adams, Dallas
3. Sherry Pralines from Charlotte Charles, Evanston
4. Famous Turtles from De-Mel's, Chicago
5. Opera Creams from Putman's, Cincinnati
6. Romera Plums, tin packed, from Hagley's, Chicago
7. Cordial-Filled Chocolates from Princess De Conde, New York
8. Whipped Cream Fudge from Keeler's, Lombard
9. Zombies from Ernest Wilson, San Francisco

Each box colorfully gift-wrapped,  
approximately 1 lb. Order now or

NOW IN OUR FIFTH YEAR!

### CANDY-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

916 C Ambassador Bldg., St. Louis, Mo

**SAVE 10% TO 15% PER BOX**

write for brochure. Beautiful gift  
card and first box arrive on Christ-  
mas. Boxes mailed on consecutive  
months unless special dates are  
specified. Include name and address  
of each recipient—and name to be  
signed on gift cards. Over 130,000  
Club treats sent to our growing  
list of subscribers.

**3 MONTHS,  
3 BOXES  
\$495**

Plus 30c per box  
postage, handling  
and insurance.  
**Total \$5.85 complete**

**6 MONTHS,  
6 BOXES  
\$995**

Plus 30c per box  
postage, handling  
and insurance.  
**Total \$11.75 complete**

**9 MONTHS,  
9 BOXES  
\$1495**

Plus 30c per box  
postage, handling  
and insurance.  
**Total \$17.65 complete**

Order today! Leave  
the rest to us.





# Coronet

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JAMES POLINSBEE  
BERNARD L. GLASER  
CAROL HUGHES  
BEN KARTMAN  
R. B. LUNDAHL  
RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.  
LYNN MOEHLENBROCK  
BEN NELSON  
CHARLES ROBBINS  
TOM STANTON

Production Director:  
GUS BERKES

Art Director:  
GEORGE SAMERJAN

Coronet is published monthly by Esquire, Inc. David A. Smart, Chairman of the Board; Alfred Smart, President and Treasurer; A. L. Blinder, Vice-Pres. and Cir. Dir.; G. T. Sweetser, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Adv.; John Smart, Vice-Pres. in Chg. Purch.; Gus Berkes, Vice-Pres. and Prod. Dir.; Lester Petchaft, Sec.; A. D. Elden, Asst. Sec.-Treas. Publication, Circulation and General Offices, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois. Advertising Offices, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Entered as second class matter at Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, on October 14, 1936, under the act of March 3, 1879. Subscriptions \$3.00 for one year, \$5.00 for two years; no charge for Foreign or Canadian postage. Printed in U. S. A. Semiannual index available on request. Indexed in The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

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Subscribers changing their addresses should notify the Coronet Subscription Department, Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Illinois, one month before the change is to take effect. Both old and new addresses must be given.

Contents for December, 1949 VOL. 27, No. 2, WHOLE No. 158

## Articles

Winning the War on Arthritis	MADELYN WOOD	29
The Salesman: America's Spark Plug	KENT SAGENDORPH	33
The Great Airliner of 1849	GENE HAMMOND	37
Housekeeper to Genius	HERBERT V. PROCHNOW	39
325 Boys' Clubs Are Not Enough	EUGENE LYONS	40
How Bachelors Get That Way	E. ARDS WHITMAN	44
Science Proves "The Story of Creation"	N. CARLISLE	48
Old Henry: Son of Kings	RICHARD BARNITZ	69
Faith, Love and Peace	W. O. GOODWIN	73
Ste. Anne de Beaupré: Lourdes of the West	ELIZABETH ALLAN	74
Football's Finest Hour	EDITH ROBERTS	80
New Haven Learns to Conquer Fire	PAUL W. KEARNEY	84
Our Friendly Enemy, the Cat	MARGARET COOPER GAY	88
Grandma Knows Her Murders	GEORGE OSWALD	109
The Full Reward of Labor	DAVID GRAYSON	113
Christmas—North and South		
I. Maine Homecoming	ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN	114
II. Carolina Festival	ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE	117
The U.S. Mail Goes Through	ANN FIELDS	120
Houdini's True Ghost Story	PAUL JACKSON	123
The Double Profit System	CHARLES F. KETTERING	125
The Doctor's Little Black Bag	PAUL H. FLUCK, M.D.	126
Diamond Chief of the African Bush	RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.	128
Let Trouble Work for You	MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE	149
Why Babies Are Hard to Adopt	ANONYMOUS	154
What's the Secret of King Arthur Godfrey?	CAROL HUGHES	158
Brains in a Box	ANDREW HAMILTON	167

## Pictorial Features

Ageless Troubador . . . . .	6
Coronet Recommends . . . . .	8
Soldiers of Conservation . . . . .	10
The Eton that Is England . . . . .	12
Canine Medicine Man . . . . .	14
Steps to Stardom . . . . .	16
Music by Cole Porter . . . . .	20
Coronet's Family Shopper . . . . .	22
The Littlest Angel . . . . .	CHARLES TAZEWEILL 53
Old Man Blizzard . . . . .	93
Love . . . . .	133

## Departments

Try Your Hand	A CORONET QUICK QUIZ	79
Grin and Share It		91
Unfurled from the Show World		131
Missing Links	A CORONET QUICK QUIZ	153

## Corer

Christmas at Home	DOUGLAS GORSLINE	
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## Ageless Troubador

THE SAUCY IMPUDENCE and radiant smile of Maurice Chevalier have captivated audiences on two continents for almost 50 years. Devoted fans were applauding his songs and mimicry when most of today's crop of crooners were learning the alphabet. Yet, when he returned to America recently after a prolonged absence, theatergoers found that his ready wink and old favorites like

*Louise* and *Mimi* had lost none of their charm. From coast to coast, Chevalier's one-man show played to packed houses.

Though past 60, Chevalier seems truly ageless. He needs only to flash his white teeth and doff his jaunty straw hat to convince any theater audience between Paris, France, and California, U.S.A., that he still remains one of the great entertainers of all time.

for your security and peace of mind . . .

## Personal Accident, Health, Hospital and Surgical Insurance *Direct At Cost*

For all preferred risks, most "white-collar" men between the ages of 18 and 55, this strong, 67-year-old company of 238,000 carefully chosen members offers maximum protection per dollar because of the economy of our mutual way of doing business *Direct, At Cost*. You must be under 55 to join, but once you become a member there is no age limit for accident insurance, except for a reduction of the death benefit at age 70; health coverage reduces 40% at age 60 but it and hospitalization benefits may continue to age 65.

You do not have to be gored by a bull to collect. You are protected night and day, at home or on trips, at work or at play, *whether your income is affected or not*. This is *not* a limited type policy. Our record for prompt claim payments is literally unexcelled. We are licensed by the Insurance Departments of the State of New York and the Dominion of Canada.

MORE THAN \$82,000,000 has been paid to members or their dependents, and \$7,800,000 is held in reserve for their security and assurance of stability of the low rates they pay.

You NEED this vital protection as foundation for your personal security program — even if you have Blue Cross or some group coverage elsewhere. They would not conflict. There is a wide choice of plans to fit *your* needs, providing the liberal benefits listed at the right.

**\$25 or \$50 WEEKLY** for total disability through injury by accidental means . . . payable from the first day every 30 days for as many as 104 weeks . . . *as much as \$2,600 under the single or \$5,200 under the double plan for any one mishap*. Benefits never prorated on account of other insurance.

**\$12.50 or \$25.00 WEEKLY** up to 26 weeks for partial disability similarly caused.

**\$5,000 or \$10,000** for LOSS OF LIFE, limbs or sight by accidental means.

**\$25 WEEKLY** for SICKNESS causing confining total disability, payable exclusive of first 10 days every 30 days for as many as 52 weeks . . . *up to \$1,300 for any one confining sickness*. No prorating on account of other insurance.

**\$12.50 WEEKLY** up to 26 weeks . . . for non-confining total disability caused by sickness.

**For Hospital, Surgeon:** In addition to above allowances, up to \$290 or \$580 is paid direct to you for hospital room or a nurse in the home, surgery, X-ray, operating room, anaesthesia and laboratory fee, for either accidents or sickness. No conflict with Blue Cross or other-group plans.

YOU SEND NO MONEY now, but do mail the coupon for the FACTS booklet of interesting information and an easy-to-complete blank for applying. *No solicitor will call and you will not be obligated in ANY way*. If your application were accepted at this time, only \$2 would cover the full cost of the single plan of accident protection until late next March—currently \$2.50 quarterly thereafter, twice that rate doubles accident coverage. Optional health coverage is currently \$3.50 quarterly. Hospital and surgical benefits now are \$1.50 for single or \$3 quarterly for double amount.

Paste Coupon on Penny Postcard for Easy Mailing or Enclose in Envelope

### *The Commercial Travelers*

Edward Trevvett, *Secretary*, Utica 2, New York

SEND, without any obligation whatever, your free FACTS booklet and an easy-to-complete application blank.

My Name is Mr. .... (PLEASE PRINT)

Address .....

Are you over 18, under 55? ..... Occupation .....

C-1

No Solicitors Will Call

# Coronet *Recommends...*

## "MRS. MIKE "



BECAUSE OF United Artists' faithful adaptation from the captivating and sentimental novel by Benedict and Nancy Freedman, which was a best-seller in 1947. Dick Powell, as the Canadian Mountie devoted to arduous duty, makes a successful conversion from the hard-boiled detective roles in which he has recently starred. Evelyn Keyes is the girl from Boston who discovers that, lonely Canadian winters notwithstanding, she was born to be Mrs. Mike.

## "THE INSPECTOR GENERAL "



BECAUSE DANNY KAYE, as the dim but lovable lad who starts out selling furniture polish as a cure-all ("If you are already dead, there is only a slight chance that it will do you any good") and winds up being mistaken for the Inspector General in a mythical European town, is zanier than ever in this Warner Brothers' movie. Danny's monologues to music, written by his wife, include a hysterical parody of people who sing songs without knowing the words.

## "THE HEIRESS "



BECAUSE DIRECTOR William Wyler, who won Academy Awards for *The Best Years of Our Lives* and *Mrs. Miniver*, has again succeeded in deriving the best possible production and performance values through non-formula techniques. Paramount's tense tragedy of a plain girl who is loved for her money brings together Olivia de Havilland, chosen "best actress" for her part in *To Each His Own*; Montgomery Clift, Hollywood newcomer, and Ralph Richardson.

# YOU MUST AVOID GREASY GOO

**IF YOU WANT A  
CLEAN SCALP—  
HANDSOME-LOOKING HAIR**

Remember, water is no Hair Tonic. But on the other hand, don't plaster your hair down with greasy, sticky products which cover hair and scalp with a dirt-catching scum. Healthy-looking hair *must* have a cleaner scalp. So use Kreml! It's never been duplicated to keep hair *perfectly in place*—it makes hair look naturally well-groomed. It *never* looks or feels greasy. And you'll like to feel Kreml working on



your scalp to give it a 'wake-up' tingle. It always keeps hair and scalp feeling **SO CLEAN**. Also excellent to lubricate a dry scalp and dry hair—to remove dandruff flakes.

*Have the 'clean-cut' Kreml-type  
hair that attracts*



*A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.*

**IMPORTANT:** Don't fail to try the new Kreml Shampoo with its natural oil base. It will never dry your hair as so many cream and liquid shampoos which contain drying detergents do.



Microscopes are used to identify leaves.



Ready for the field is this new forester.



An Abney level computes a tree's height.

## Soldiers of Conservation

THE MAGIC LURE of America, the magnet that drew millions of immigrants to our shores, was the seemingly boundless resources of the richest country on earth. No one expected to find the streets paved with gold, but there was room to stake out a claim and there was the good earth to nurture bumper crops. There were untold riches below the ground, and vast forest land which would build homes, ships, furniture.

Then, almost before anyone realized what was happening, experts began to say that we could not go on recklessly draining the resources with which nature had so generously endowed us. Along with the mineral wealth of the land, America's timber fell victim to ruthless exploitation and natural disaster. Government conservation efforts supplied only a partial answer. There remained an urgent need for young men to husband the forest land, and to perpetuate it for posterity.

In 1900, a single enterprising young man was graduated from the first American professional forestry school. Slowly, the small force of foresters grew, until the 1948-49 school year saw 8,707 men and 11 women studying everything from silviculture (the care and growing of trees) to wood plastics, at 35 forestry centers in 29 states.

At Yale University Forestry School, which offers the degrees of Master and Doctor of Forestry, these young men work and learn in a 5,000-acre tract of Connecticut's Great Mountain Forest. Later, they spend 12 weeks in a 500,000-acre forest in Arkansas. Here, where field work is integrated with classroom study, future foresters learn about timber products, and about forest care and replenishment. Truly, they are soldiers in a vital struggle to protect the heart of America's strength.



## LITTLE LULU



**She's learned - never put a cold in your pocket !**

*Little Lulu says: GET THE JUMP ON COLD GERMS -  
USE SOFT, STRONG KLEENEX<sup>\*</sup> TISSUES TO CURB SNEEZES,  
HELP KEEP COLDS FROM SPREADING. EXTRA SOFT KLEENEX  
SOOTHES RAW NOSES ! SO GENTLE TO SENSITIVE SKIN !*

© INTERNATIONAL CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS CO.

\* T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# The Eton That is England

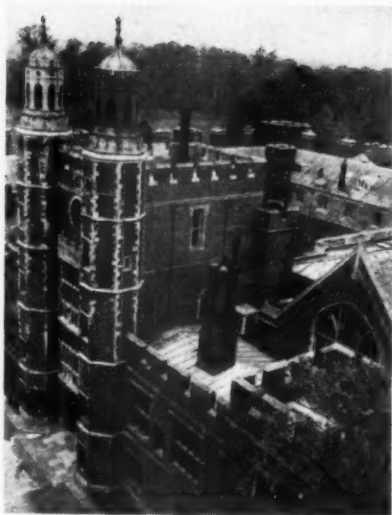
ENDURING through war and peace, revolution and reform, England's Eton remains a cloistered refuge for time-honored tradition. And since its founding by Henry VI, 52 years before Columbus discovered America, the King's-College-of-Our-Lady-of-Eton-Beside-Windsor has been an educational landmark.

Today, it is not unusual for a student to come upon the name of his great-grandfather on a classroom desk, laboriously scratched there with a penknife almost a century before. For Eton itself is a well-loved heritage—like a family name—and many young Britons are enrolled at birth.

Wearing striped trousers and cut-away coats, the 12-to-18-year-old students live, work and play in the aura of history which dominates the medieval buildings and the Tudor towers. Sparsely furnished sitting rooms, quiet hallways and austere classrooms are redolent of the shades of England's most hallowed names: Shelley, Wellington, Walpole, Gladstone.

Even titled Etonians expect no coddling from the Headmaster and his 92 assistants, and the exacting discipline is rigidly enforced. The students, however, keenly feel the obligation to serve in return for the privilege of wearing the school tie. A long list of Eton graduates who have brought honor to England is a testament to the worthiness of the school system.

Besides the scions of nobility, there are 70 King's scholars at Eton, 12 such students being admitted each year by competitive examination—be they descendants of earls or sons of plain citizens. For Eton, today as always, preserves the best traditions of the democratic England it helped to build.



1. Lupton Tower was built during the reign of Henry VIII and is typical of the medieval buildings of Eton.



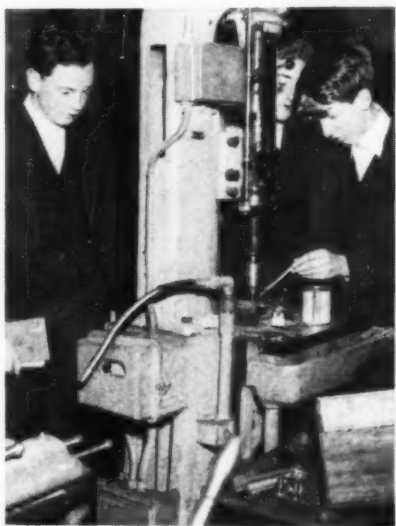
4. Eton's newest arrivals serve as batmen and must do the bidding of seniors, Pops and elected prefects.



2. In the Library, treasures of another age are a source of inspiration to the more than 1,100 students at Eton.



3. On St. Andrew's Day, Etonians play the Wall Game. No one is sure of its purpose, but it's always rousing fun.



5. Though rooted in a traditional past, Eton is also training its young men to help rebuild the England of today.



6. Eton has graduated pub-keepers and Prime Ministers, without disturbing the even tenor of its way.



## Canine Medicine Man

**T**HIS DOG is not nearly as scared as he looks. He is just showing off. Whereas most dogs of his breed, the Mexican Hairless, are completely bald, he proudly boasts a full, not to say bewildering, head of hair. His name,

appropriately, is Topknot, and he has only one shortcoming. Legend holds that you can cure rheumatism and other aches and pains by taking a Mexican Hairless to bed, and nobody wants to take Topknot. He tickles.



## *Head your list with a Paris gift*

Every man is proud to own a fine wardrobe of "Paris"\* Belts, Suspenders and Garters, so express your thoughtfulness with a smart "Paris" gift. Choose his from a wide selection of "Paris" Gift Sets at your favorite men's store. Gifts illustrated . . .

**A** Soft stretch, long wearing Nylon "Paris" Garter with leather pad to match—in attractive plastic gift box—\$1.50. **B** Nylon Suspenders in solid colors with unusual jewelry buckle, \$3.50—other "Paris" Nylon Suspenders \$2.50 and \$5. **C** Beautiful Cordo Finish Cowhide Belt in new colors—clever two-tone bright and satin Gilt Initial Tongue Buckle—in modern streamlined plastic gift package—Belt \$2.00—Buckle \$1.50. Other "Paris" gifts 65c to \$15. \*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—A Product of A. Stein & Company • Chicago





Like Lana Turner, the film capital found Julie London right in its own back yard.



Elizabeth Taylor got her break as a child star in *National Velvet* and *Lassie*.



From a Boston carnival family came Ruth Roman to achieve stardom in *Champion*.



Ann Blyth's radio and stage experience brought her to the studio's attention.

## STEPS TO STARDOM

AT LEAST ONE AMERICAN dream is common to city and country, college girl and secretary, teen-ager and matron. It is a dream of success before Hollywood cameras. And in spite of the hundred failures for each success, there has never been a dearth of young hope-

fuls trying to achieve fame and fortune.

For those who have succeeded, there are long weeks of testing before they ever step before a camera. Here are four young ladies who have hurdled the first steps to stardom. For them, the future is bright as a new day.

for a girl who has a book, a mink  
and an ear for the good things of life

the new  
**RCA VICTOR "45"**

The modern, inexpensive way  
to play recorded music...

It's a completely automatic record changer!  
Plays up to 50 minutes of the music you love.  
And the records? They're 7-inch "book-  
shelf" size, non-breakable, wear up to  
10 times longer. There are more than  
1,200 titles to choose from... and new ones  
every day. It's an absolutely new idea  
in recorded music... the only record and  
changer ever designed for each other...  
a treasure at

**\$12.95**

7-inch Records: Red Seal 95¢\*; all others 65¢\*

\*All prices shown are subject  
to change without notice.  
Record prices do not include  
Federal Excise or local taxes.

RCA Victor  
9JY

Plays  
through  
your  
present  
radio  
or TV set

**RCA VICTOR**

DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO... FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC... FIRST IN TELEVISION

DECEMBER, 1949

17

These new programs this fall  
prove once again that

there's ALWAYS great ENTERTAINMENT



**"ROBERT  
MONTGOMERY  
SPEAKING"**

Motion picture star and  
noted director in an in-  
formative, intimate, en-  
tertaining commentary  
on American life. (Spon-  
sored by Lee Hats)

Thursday,  
9:45 P.M., E.S.T.



**WALTER KIERNAN,  
"One Man's Opinion"**

Down-to-earth comment  
on the passing scene with  
humorous overtones.  
(Sponsored by Philip  
Morris Cigarettes)

Mon. thru Fri.  
12:25 P.M., E.S.T.



**"CHANCE OF A  
LIFETIME"**

With John Reed King

Laughs, thrills, suspense,  
surprise — and radio's  
most spectacular jackpot  
— a house and lot and  
everything in it! (Spon-  
sored by Bretton Watch  
Bands)

Sunday,  
9:30 P.M., E.S.T.



**"SHERLOCK HOLMES"**

Conan Doyle's great de-  
tective character in a new  
series of thrilling adven-  
tures. (Sponsored by  
Petri Wine)

Wednesday,  
8:30 P.M., E.S.T.



**"KATE SMITH CALLS"**

A musical evening with  
America's favorite song-  
stress — and a jackpot of  
gifts to the listener with  
the right answer when  
Kate Smith Calls.

Monday,  
9:00 P.M., E.S.T.

on ABC!



**VICTOR H. LINDLAHR**

The leading popular authority on diet and nutrition in a friendly chat on food and health. (Presented by Serutan)

Mon., Wed., Fri.  
10:45 A.M., E.S.T.  
Sunday,  
11:00 A.M., E.S.T.



**"THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARRIET"**

One of radio's gayest comedies — with Ozzie and Harriet Nelson and their young sons, David and Ricky, demonstrating that daily doings in the life of a typical American family are not always what they seem — they're funnier! (Sponsored by H. J. Heinz Co.)

Friday, 9:00 P.M., E.S.T.

**ADVERTISERS:** No matter what you have to sell ABC covers America's Best Markets—efficiently!

Keep Listening to **ABC**

**American Broadcasting Company**

NETWORK OF RADIO STATIONS SERVING AMERICA



Cole Porter works best after midnight.



He often plays the piano until morning.



*Kiss Me Kate* is Shakespeare set to music.

## Music by COLE PORTER

WHEN WARNER BROTHERS decided to do a film biography of song-writing Cole Porter, they ran into an unexpected obstacle. Examining his life story, a writer moaned, "There's no struggle anywhere along the line!"

Born on a 700-acre Indiana farm, Porter went to Yale—where he wrote the immortal Eli chant, *Bulldog*—and Harvard Law School—because his millionaire grandfather wanted him to be a lawyer. One year and the Dean's earnest advice that he switch to music were all young Porter needed to launch him on a creative spree that would give Broadway such hits as *Anything Goes*, *DuBarry Was a Lady* and *Kiss Me Kate*, and the world such musical memories as *Night and Day*, *You're the Top*, and *Begin the Beguine*.

A slight, always impeccably dressed man, Porter still uses a cane occasionally as a result of the one misfortune in his life which the movies were able to use in the picture, *Night and Day*. In 1937, he fractured both legs in a spill from a horse, and only 31 operations plus his grim determination enabled him to walk again.

Porter is still a trifle stage-struck despite long years in the theater. And though tradition has producers, directors and song writers pacing nervously as they wait the critical first-night verdict, Porter blithely enjoys himself in a down-front seat. When *Kiss Me Kate* opened last January, he bought 97 first-night tickets at a cost of \$1,000 and sat among his guests, beaming while they clamorously applauded his work.

### CREDITS

Photos: Page 6, International News Photos and Joe Pazen from Black Star; 8, United Artists; Warner Brothers and Paramount Pictures; 10 and 12-13, International News Photos; 14, Wide World; 16, International News Photos, Warner Brothers and Paramount Pictures; 20, Graphic House.

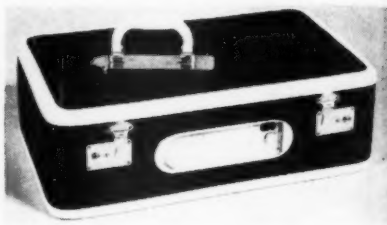




# Coronet's Family Shopper



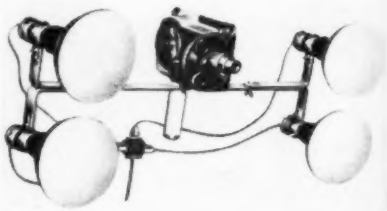
**N**OW YOU CAN decorate a Christmas tree with beautifully glowing stars and bells. A fluorescent tube at the base of the tree gives these plastic ornaments a fairylike beauty in four colors.



**T**HIS TRAVELING IRON, easily detachable, also does double-duty as the sturdy handle of a leather-bound suitcase. The iron works on AC or DC, and ends pressing problems en route.



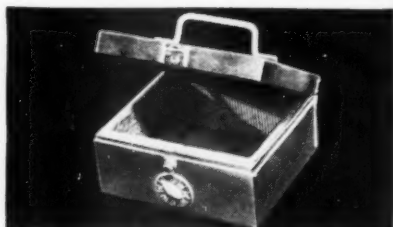
**A** POCKET, cleverly concealed behind a zipper in the palm of the left glove, holds change and a house key. In styles to fit any fashion, these gloves put an end to purse fumbling.



**L**IGHTS THAT ILLUMINATE and follow your camera's eye make for better indoor snapshots and movies. A lightweight frame gives you control over each bulb, and folds to fit the pocket.



**T**HROW A BALL TO this furry brown bear, and he will catch it in his paw. Here's the secret. A hidden magnet attracts the metal ball and makes the bear an untiring playmate for children.



**L**IKE THE PIONEERS, she can keep and carry her valuables in a miniature strongbox. Jewelry will rest safely on the corduroy lining of this silver-plated chest with its secret combination.

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ONET

# ***FIRST AID*** **and GOOD CHEER**



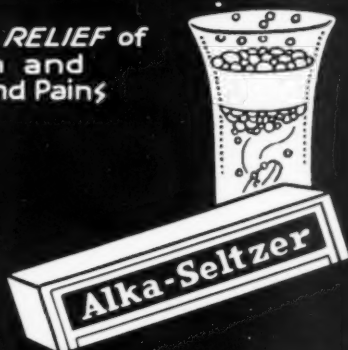
*But,*

If cold discomforts bother,  
Or headaches should annoy,  
Take **Alka-Seltzer** for relief,  
And tune in Christmas Joy.

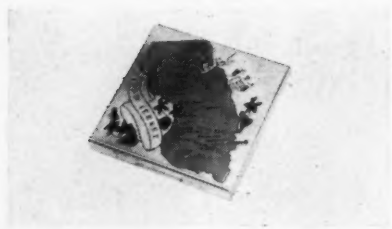
Use it also for **FAST RELIEF** of  
Acid Indigestion and  
Muscular Aches and Pains

# **Alka - Seltzer**

All drugstores  
U. S. and Canada



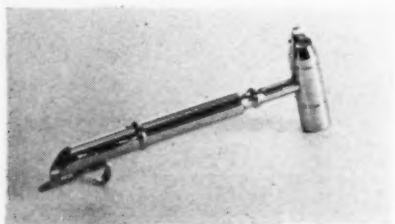
# Coronet's Family Shopper



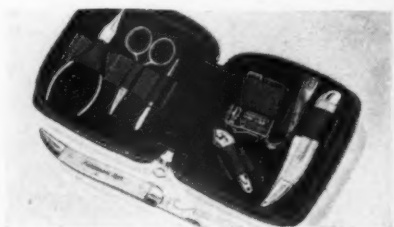
THE OWNER'S HOME state appears on the face of this delicately thin compact. The principal cities, rivers, industries and vacation spots are all clearly mapped on a gold-colored background.



EVERYONE CAN BE AN expert car-washer with this soap-bearing tube and brush which fit the garden hose. Other attachments clean windows and fit the kitchen faucet to end dishpan hands.



LIKE THE SEVEN dwarfs, this handy tool performs seven different tasks. It is a hammer, screw driver, lid lifter, can opener, ice chipper and bottle opener, all in one stainproof body.



IN A ZIPPERED LEATHER CASE are all the things that a fisherman dreams of. He can weigh, scale and prepare his fish for the fire with this equipment, which fits comfortably in the pocket.



YOUR CHILD'S FAVORITE lullabies tinkle in the music box of this lullaby lamp. As the music plays, the light grows dimmer and dimmer, and slowly fades away with the last note of the tune.



PREVENT KNITTERS' nightmares with a plastic bracelet that slips over the arm and holds a ball of yarn. The yarn is fed smoothly to the needles, and will not tangle or roll out of reach.

For answers to all shopping queries send stamped self-addressed envelope to *Coronet's Family Shopper Department*, Coronet, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

CORONET

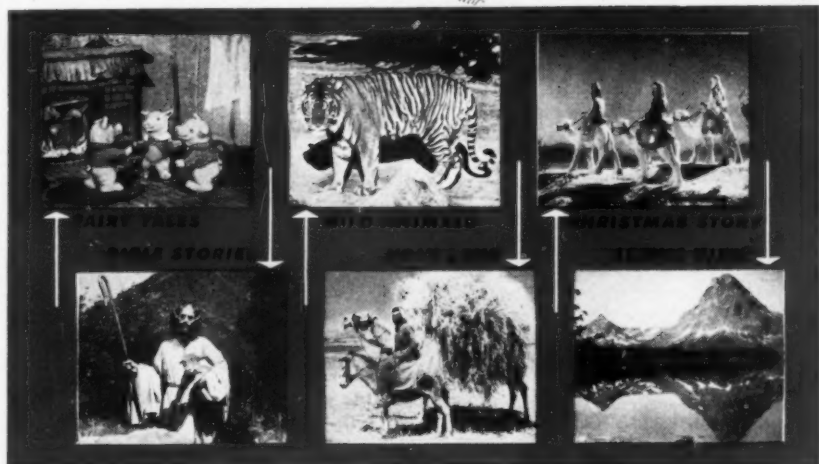


# Exciting Gifts

**IN THREE  
DIMENSIONS**



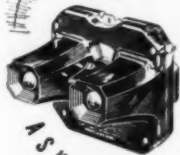
V I E W - M A S T E R



S T E R E O S T O R I E S

## ILLUSTRATED WITH FULL COLOR STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES

To amaze and delight a child at Christmas...give View-Master Stereo-Stories! Stereo-Stories are children's tales illustrated with full color photographs that "come to life" in the thrilling realism of true Three Dimensions. Fascinating, instructive subjects include Fairy Tales, Christmas, Wild Animal, Bible Stories, and Scenic Travelogues of the Holy Land. Pictures are mounted in low cost, seven-scene Reels for use in View-Master Stereoscopes and Projectors. Over 300 different Reels available for Christmas at selected Photo, Gift, Department stores. View-Master Stereoscope \$2.00, REELS 35c each, 3 for \$1.00. (Bible Story Reels 50c each.)



ASK TO SEE

**VIEW-MASTER**

STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES

© Sawyer's Inc., Portland 7, Oregon

DECEMBER, 1949

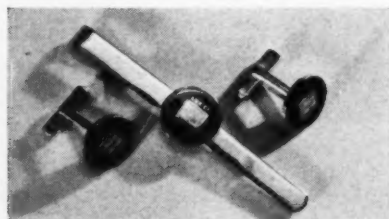
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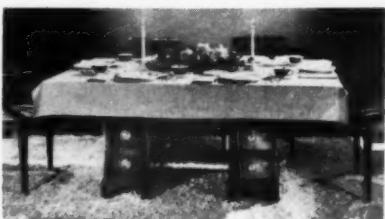
**A**NY TODDLER WILL eat like a grownup with this child's spoon and heat-retaining plastic dish. The spoon handle is curved for easy gripping, and the dish is sloped at just the right angle.



**W**ANT TO CHANGE the firmness of your mattress—after you have bought it? Here's one that can be made cloud-soft or Spartan-firm by cord controls. On double beds, each side is adjustable.



**G**IVE HIM HIS COLLEGE seal emblazoned on cuff links and tie clip. Anyone who has ever cheered the Alma Mater eleven to victory will wear them proudly, as an undergraduate or alumnus.



**F**OR SMALL HOMES OR apartments, here is a practical desk which opens to card-table size, or expands to seat six or eight comfortably for dinner. Drawers hold silver, linen and desk supplies.



**L**IGHTWEIGHT BUT toastwarm ski clothes help you look the part while negotiating a tricky turn. Made of water-repellent nylon, men's and women's outfits feature the hidden hood parka.



**T**HIS PUT-TOGETHER, take-apart scale-model tractor requires no glue or tools. Boys will be delighted by its realistic rubber tires, knee-action wheels and authentic movable-power take-off.

The one  
gift that  
says;  
"Faithfully  
Yours!"

\$3 to \$175\*

1 "Town and Country." Choice of 8 attractive designs, engraved and hand-painted in colors on mirror-finish chrome. \$7.50.

2 Engine Turned. 14 karat gold, \$175 plus tax. Sterling silver, \$20 plus tax. Chrome, \$5.

3 Deluxe. Sterling silver, \$15 plus tax. 14 karat gold, \$165 plus tax.

4 Brush Finish. In satiny chrome, \$3. Bright Finish. Polished chrome, \$4. Engraving, \$1.

5 "Lady Bradford." New sparkle-bright table lighter! A gleaming beauty of modern design. \$12.50.

\*Plus tax on sterling silver and solid gold cases only.

Have your gift-Zippo engraved with initials, signature or message. A personal touch for only \$1 extra. Ask your dealer or write Zippo for FREE brochure showing other styles and prices.

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DECEMBER, 1949

**GUARANTEE!** Zippo Lighters are unconditionally guaranteed... will never cost anyone a penny to repair.





*The nicest thing you can think of—for a Christmas gift!*

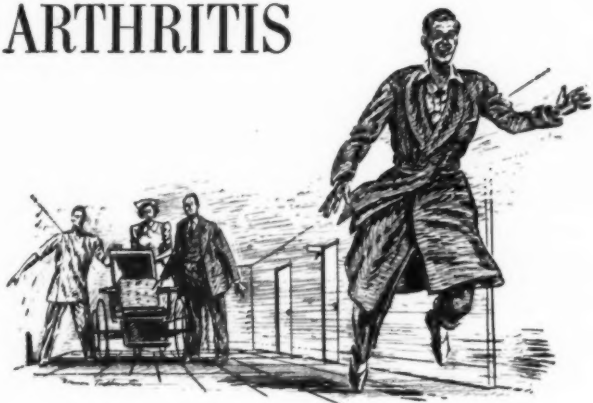
*STOCKINGS* by **MOJUD®**

© M. H. CO. 1949

*And for beauty above your hemline, too... there's LINGERIE by Mojud*



## Winning the War on ARTHRITIS



by MADELYN WOOD

"WATCH THIS!" Before the startled eyes of the doctors, the man leaped from his chair and dashed down the hospital corridor.

No wonder these medical men at Mayo Clinic stared at each other with the look of naturally conservative physicians who had just witnessed a miracle. A few days before, that man had been a helpless cripple, able to move only with agonizing slowness.

What happened at Mayo recently is the news of the century for

America's 7,000,000 sufferers from arthritis, that brutal crippler that costs \$500,000,000 a year in lost wages, \$100,000,000 in medical bills, and an incalculable amount of suffering. Though great obstacles must be overcome before it can be offered to the public, evidence is piling up that medicine has found a weapon against arthritis. For that miraculous change in the man at Mayo Clinic was brought about simply by a few daily injections of a synthetic ad-

renal-gland hormone, now known as cortisone. It did not cure him, but it did give him immediate and spectacular relief.

He was one of a group of 16 patients whose cases made medical history when they were given cortisone by Drs. Edward C. Kendall, Charles H. Slocumb, Howard F. Polley and Philip S. Hench, co-discoverers. There were other cases equally startling. One young woman had suffered agonizing pain for four and one-half years; two days after she had her first injection, the pain began to vanish. In three days she could spring out of bed. A week later she was able to go on a three-hour shopping tour.

There had been no surgery, no long course of exercise—only the simple cortisone injections. No wonder leading physicians at the International Congress on Rheumatic Diseases in New York City described cortisone as “one of the most significant medical discoveries of our generation.” The first exciting news, however, was properly tempered with a warning. Every arthritis sufferer must be patient; he must not disdain other, and frequently effective, methods of treatment.

For the truth is, there is simply not enough cortisone now in existence to help even a few score people, much less millions. Yet there is bright hope that more of it may be on the way—perhaps even the virtually unlimited quantities that will be needed.

The U. S. Government, leading pharmaceutical companies, doctors and various scientific organizations are sparing no effort to make cortisone generally available;

though, as the National Academy of Sciences warns: “. . . much remains to be learned concerning . . . the mechanism of its action.”

**D**R. HENCH'S PART in this medical miracle may be said to have begun on April 1, 1929, when there walked into his office a yellow-skinned man of 65. The man had jaundice. He also had a remarkable story. Up until a few days before, he had been a victim of arthritis. Then the swelling began to go down and the pain lessened. The amazing thing was that this improvement had started the day after he contracted jaundice. In other words, you get jaundice, and your arthritis goes away.

Alerted by that curious case, Dr. Hench saw the odd combination pop up repeatedly in other forms. An arthritic woman would become pregnant—her arthritis would vanish. Patients operated on for entirely different ailments would have a period free of arthritic pains after the operation.

Here was a mystery, and to Dr. Hench a tremendous clue. During these special conditions, he concluded, some gland must be secreting a mysterious “anti-rheumatic substance X” that knocked out arthritis. Perhaps the cause of arthritis—long a puzzler—was that the body stopped secreting this substance X. Perhaps the jaundice, the pregnancy, the effects of the operation, stepped up glandular activity, started its flow again.

Hench talked to Mayo Clinic's famed biochemist, Dr. Kendall, who had long been exploring the hormone secretions of the adrenal glands. Did Kendall think that any



## Another New Weapon Against Arthritis



ANNOUNCED ALMOST simultaneously with the news of cortisone was discovery of the extractive ACTH (Adreno-cortico-tropic hormone), a product of independent researches by Dr. John R. Mote and associates in the Chicago laboratories of Armour & Company. Their discovery consisted essentially of a means of extracting hormone materials from the pituitaries of butchered hogs. Dr. Mote suggested that ACTH also be tried for arthritis and at Northwestern University's School of Experimental Medicine it was given to a man who for ten years had suffered from an arthritic knee. Ten days later, he was walking without pain or stiffness.

Unfortunately, it takes 400,000 hog pituitaries to make a single pound of ACTH, but there is hope that it can be produced synthetically. When that is achieved, doctors will be able to prescribe ACTH in quantity. Medical men believe ACTH may reveal startling facts about the glandular system and its relationship to degenerative diseases.

of these hormones could help prevent arthritis? Kendall thought that one he called Compound E might have possibilities.

"Try Compound E" was easy to say. But there just wasn't any of the stuff. The amounts Dr. Kendall had been able to isolate were infinitesimal. So the job of making it synthetically was turned over to the big chemical house of Merck & Co., Inc., which assigned Drs. Jacob van de Kamp and Lewis Sarett to work with Kendall.

Their job was utterly fantastic. Starting with the bile acid of cattle, obtained from slaughterhouses, they tackled one of the most difficult tasks of producing a new chemical for medical use—17-hydroxy-11-dehydrocorticosterone. To get it, the researchers found they had to go through 37 steps that called for heartbreaking labor.

At times they had to wait day after day for the maddeningly slow changes. At other times they had to act swiftly, since the difference of a few minutes could result in a different compound that would break the whole chain of effort. Their reward came after nearly four years, when at last they had created enough Compound E to try on those 16 patients who made such thrilling medical news.

Cortisone is *not* a cure for arthritis, but it does provide relief. If the patient stops taking it, sooner or later the arthritis will return. For some patients, as quickly as in a single day; in the longest case on record, in eight weeks.

The doctors are asking another big question. Will cortisone have harmful effects? Even its discoverers don't yet know.

The really tremendous question

about cortisone is: where are we going to get it from? For the brightest hope that cortisone can be produced in quantity, medicine has turned to the botanists.

The first development was news of an African plant named *strophanthus sarmentosus*, whose seeds contain a close chemical relative of cortisone. This chemical is actually 17 steps closer to being turned into cortisone than is the ox-bile acid.

Can *sarmentosus* be the answer? On the bright side is the fact that one ton of its seeds can yield as much cortisone as 12,500 tons of beef animals. The trouble is, the plant takes five years to develop seeds, and it would require 7,000,000 tons to provide enough for arthritic sufferers in the U.S. alone.

The patient labors of a great hormone specialist, Dr. Russell E. Marker, have developed another exciting possibility that may bring quantity production of cortisone even closer. In the course of his work, he came upon a tropical yam, the *Discorea* plant, a veritable chemical treasure-trove. It contains botogenin, a substance from which cortisone can be made

more readily than from ox bile, the source used now.

The Treemond Pharmaceutical Company, sponsors of Dr. Marker's work, believe his discovery may cut years from the time needed to start quantity production of cortisone. The plant grows rapidly, not only in Mexico and Hawaii, but in Southern areas of our own country. Its giant roots, some of which weigh 30 pounds, could produce immense quantities of raw material.

Whatever the eventual source of cortisone, the arthritis victim may be sure that one of the greatest hunts in medical history is under way. Researchers are spurred by another tremendous promise. The pain of arthritis, that mysterious disease of the bones and joints, has yielded to cortisone. Couldn't the same thing be true of other degenerative diseases?

Already news has come from Mayo Clinic that successes have been scored in treating victims of rheumatic fever and rheumatic inflammation of the heart. Who knows what breathtaking possibilities may yet be discovered in the magic of cortisone?

### Cheap Enough!

A HARRIED HOUSEWIFE, trying to get her last-minute Christmas shopping done, was being hampered in her efforts by a husband who obviously had been celebrating too much.

She marched said husband to a

parking meter, opened his coat, buttoned him firmly around the stanchion, dropped in a nickel, and went off about her business.

A little later, she came back, collected her uncomplaining spouse, and led him away. —TORONTO Star



## The Salesman: America's Spark Plug

by KENT SAGENDORPH

He helps make the wheels of our national economy revolve steadily and smoothly

**A** SALESMAN," Fred Allen has remarked, "is anybody who can sell anything to Jack Benny and still make a profit."

Benny's sales resistance is not much greater, probably, than that of the average housewife, or purchasing agent, or the austere U. S. Government, a trio that jointly bought the better part of the nation's 262 billion dollars' worth of goods and services last year from the men and women who sell them. All of which brings up the question: what is a salesman?

On the lighter side, the salesman is America's favorite character of Pullman-car legend—the most

widely traveled man since Marco Polo, the most ingenious lover since the late Don Juan, and the most typical American citizen in the eyes of Europeans, who think he personifies our national traits of energy, ingenuity and cleverness at any kind of a trade.

On the more serious side, salesmen like to live well, and soberly study the art of enjoying life. Most salesmen are their own best customers, making good money and spending it. They live in good homes in better-than-average neighborhoods, and Mrs. Salesman is likely to have gleaming kitchens and automatic gadgets in greater

number and quality than Mrs. Lawyer or Mrs. Doctor.

The average picture would show a man between 30 and 50, who makes from \$4,000 to \$10,000 a year, who travels about 20,000 miles annually on company business and is away from home nearly half the time. This is the great middle-field of selling; there are extremes in the executive \$100,000 bracket, and doorbell pushers who don't make \$35 a week. Then, too, there are thousands of salesmen who arrive home punctually every night after the store closes, and others who are lucky to get home once a month.

Sales work attracts the live-wire, energetic, self-confident U. S. businessman. Salesmanship is one of the few fields where a man may hit his real stride at 50, and stay at the top until age 60 and beyond—where a man with outstanding ability may make \$100,000 a year without the springboard of a college degree.

The U. S. Department of Commerce describes the salesman as a person "who sells goods that don't come back, to customers who will." Upon him, declares the government, lies the responsibility of preventing another depression. As long as we can keep goods moving, the economists assert, there will be prosperity.

Our American standard of living is a perpetual tribute to the salesman and a continuous demonstration of his prowess. Today, he is the top-priority item in every company's personnel structure. Most companies have developed intricate systems with which they probe an applicant's skull to see whether he has a sales brain. The end product is the modern American salesman

—a highly trained and naturally adaptable professional persuader who smashes his quota regularly every six months.

STRANGELY, THERE IS NO "sales type" any more. The salesman (and saleswoman) is a cross section of America. His attitude and success and personality vary as widely as the products he sells. His methods are not stereotyped, either.

Some of these people are sales engineers, selling capital goods like power plants, structures, or the machines which produce more capital. Others are veteran diplomats, who represent manufacturers and help scores of retail businesses grow bigger. Their commissions go right along year after year, often accumulating when the salesman is on a vacation with his family.

Other salesmen cover extensive routes day after day, replenishing stocks in stores with brand-name merchandise. In the trade they are known as "specialty salesmen," as distinguished from "driver salesmen" who represent local bakeries or near-by wholesale houses, and who carry stock with them.

Then there are the retail clerks, two million of whom work behind store counters or outside, pushing doorbells. There are also the outdoor specialists ranging from the life-insurance consultant to the hot-dog hawker at the ball park.

Such a big slice of the population cannot be reduced to a single character, labeled "The Typical American Salesman." They are the same human beings who make up crowds everywhere. Salesmanship provides an outlet for their love of persuasion, their extrovert tendencies and their

pent-up energies, which demand a job with new faces and new challenges constantly.

The salesman is quick to take bows for the tremendous volume of American commerce, but seldom realizes that his contribution includes more than the sale of merchandise. Because of him, every other salesman is selling, too. Whether he sells nails or nylons, soap or sealing wax, his sales depend on other forms of salesmanship which he seldom sees.

All the raw materials were sold; the processing and transportation and sometimes the financing were provided after strenuous and often-brilliant sales work. All these activities together constitute our living standards—94 radio sets in every 100 homes; 68 automobiles, 68 bathtubs and showers, and 63 telephones for each 100 families.

None of these things appeared out of nowhere in answer to public demand. The inventors, researchers, capitalists and manufacturers all preceded the salesman, but without his cooperation they could not have accomplished much. Moreover, salesmen keep 60 million Americans working.

WHAT WOULD LIFE be like in America without salesmen? William Allen White in his *Autobiography* wrote that, only 60 years ago, the U. S. was still largely a nation of craftsmen, who made their own wares and peddled them to neighbors. There were only about 500 basic desires to which a salesman could appeal. Most were concerned with necessities: food, clothing, shelter, heat, light, relief from manual toil, and improving

the lot of one's children. Now there are 10,000 major desires to which American salesmen appeal every day, with another thousand being cultivated from devices like processed food, sectional or prefabricated buildings, and electronic devices.

Sometimes there are several varieties of salesmen within a company. General Electric produces some of the world's most intricate turbines, jet engines, electronic marvels and other devices which no one but a skilled engineer can even identify. But the firm also employs store demonstrators and small-appliance salesmen whose technical ability is limited to locating the plug that goes in the wall, but who rise to astonishing peaks of sales volume.

Management develops special kinds of salesmen for each problem. The success of specialized training indicates that the American salesman is not born, but made. Psychologists and executives have given salesmen infallible new methods that lead to success. But in many cases intensive training courses remove the emphasis from individual initiative and tend to regiment the men into rigid practices. The salesman methodically screens prospects in his territory and then converts the prospects into customers, according to plan.

Robert S. Wilson, vice-president in charge of sales for Goodyear, says that, for practical preparation, a salesman should know psychology, English, mathematics and philosophy, along with basic courses in economics, sales-management and marketing.

Wilson, like many other executives, is concerned with the composite picture in the mind of the

U. S. citizen when the word "salesman" is mentioned. One thing is certain: the picture would show a man, because advanced salesmanship is one of the few remaining fields practically devoid of skirts.

American women graduate from medical, engineering and business schools in increasing numbers every year, but they do not succeed in the lucrative sales jobs, though certain lines wherein women sell to each other, such as ready-to-wear, cosmetics, department-store and foundation-garment businesses, are heavily feminized.

All these people, 3,700,000 men and women, are welded into a conglomerate mass called America's "sales force"—the force that keeps the country humming. Most of the force, today, are newcomers who have joined since the war.

That is why sales executives feel that the time has come to introduce and develop the professional salesman—the college-trained young man who can create and hold the confidence of great numbers of customers. They realize that the salesman, as much as the Edisons, has given us the American way of life.

Robert A. Whitney, president of

the National Sales Executives, lived for many years in Europe, including Russia. In Moscow he watched Soviet planners trying to calculate how many pairs of shoes the shoe trust ought to produce in a year.

"If the figures showed 50 million pairs," he says, "that was the production quota. No chance there to make 80 million pairs, and sell them to people who might want more than one pair. They got what the government saw fit to give them—in shoes, clothes, everything."

We look about us here in the U. S. We see amazing varieties of every kind of shoe—a wide choice of sizes, patterns, prices and colors. These values stem from mass production, but the salesman helps determine the pace of production. He knows more ways of making you want what he has to sell than visitors from abroad can believe.

Being a salesman, he will try to sell you everything he can. Being a representative American citizen, he will spend his commission on something else you sell to him. Thus he is at once a producer, a consumer and a distributor—the spark plug that makes the wheels of this nation go round and round.

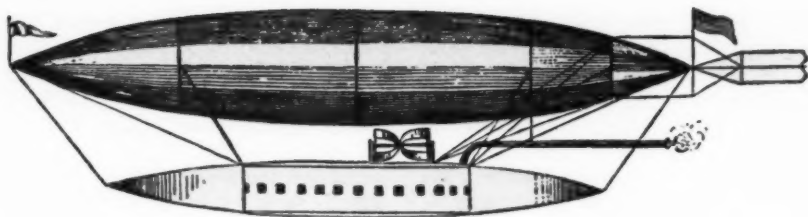
## Sex at Six

THE LITTLE SIX-YEAR-OLD boy had just received a detailed lecture from his father on the facts of life, the birds and the bees, and simple biology. Papa leaned back at the end of his recital and said, "Now if there is anything you want to know, don't hesitate to ask me, son."

The boy pondered a moment, then gravely asked his father, "How come they put out the Saturday Evening Post on Wednesday?"

—Duke 'n' Duchess





# The Great Airliner of 1849

by GENE HAMMOND

## BEST ROUTE TO CALIFORNIA.

R. PORTER & CO., (office, room No. 40 in the Sun Buildings,—entrance 128 Fulton-street, New-York,) are making active progress in the construction of an Aerial Transport, for the express purpose of carrying passengers between New-York and California. This transport will have a capacity to carry from 50 to 100 passengers, at a speed of 60 to 100 miles per hour. It is expected to put this machine in operation about the 1st of April, 1849. It is proposed to carry a limited number of passengers—not exceeding 300—for \$50, including board, and the transport is expected to make a trip to the gold region and back in seven days. The price of passage to California is fixed at \$200, with the exception above mentioned. Upwards of 200 passage tickets at \$50 each, have been engaged prior to Feb. 15. Books open for subscribers as above.

THE LURE OF GOLD, glittering from a thousand California creek beds, was reflected in the eyes of the man who drummed his fingers impatiently on a counter in the Sun Building on Fulton Street, New York City.

At last the clerk glanced up. "Yes, sir?" he said.

"Is it true," the tall man began slowly, "that you are offering passage *by air* to California?"

"That's right, sir," replied the clerk. "We are. If you would care to fill out these forms, I shall be happy to enter your name on the list of passengers."

The tall man stared at the pages dubiously. "Do you mean to tell me in all seriousness that you are prepared to transport me *through the air* to California?"

"In three days' flying time," replied the clerk without enthusiasm. "First flight is scheduled for early in April, with a round trip each week thereafter." The clerk drew forth a pamphlet. "If you would care to read this," he said, "I am confident it will answer your questions adequately. When you have finished, I shall be glad to accept your reservation."

The tall man opened to the title page:

Aerial Navigation—The Practicability of Travelling Pleasantly and Safely from New York to California in Three Days—Fully Demonstrated with a Full Description of a Perfect Aerial Locomotive, with Estimates of Capacity, Speed, and Cost of Construction. By Rufus Porter,

Original Editor of the New York Mechanic, Scientific American, and Scientific Mechanic.

The date of the publication was the current year—1849. Yes, incredible as it may seem today, the first transcontinental journey by air, from New York to California, was scheduled for 100 years ago, and more than 200 persons booked passage in that fabulous first year of the Pacific gold rush.

After months of research, Rufus Porter of New York had developed an "aerial locomotive" which he believed could negotiate the 3,000-mile journey to California. His airship consisted of two main sections—a large, cigar-shaped hydrogen balloon and, suspended from the balloon by steel wires, a passenger compartment.

The balloon was constructed of sturdy cloth treated with an India rubber solution and stretched taut over a framework of spruce rods. When inflated, this airtight chamber had a capacity of 838,000 cubic feet of hydrogen—sufficient buoyancy, according to Rufus Porter's calculations, to carry aloft some 56,000 pounds.

The passenger compartment, 160 feet long and eight feet square at the center, tapered to a point at each end and consisted of a light wooden framework covered with painted fabric. Chairs of a type

that converted into beds were provided for 100 passengers.

Motive power came from six light boilers and two steam engines in an enclosed central cabin. Mounted on the roof of the passenger compartment were a pair of propelling wheels, each 20 feet in diameter and having eight fan-shaped arms. These, Porter estimated, would drive the airship at the astounding speed of 100 miles an hour.

The people of New York met Porter's announcement of his first scheduled flight with outspoken skepticism. Leading scientists scoffed in public, refused to examine his drawings. In the end, only one group supported Porter's undertaking—because it was to their advantage to believe. To the gold-seekers, possible transportation to the Pacific in three days was worth a gamble, whatever the odds.

Regrettably, Porter's aerial locomotive never got beyond the drawing-board stage. Public skepticism eventually caused the last of Porter's friends to withdraw financial support, and the remarkable scheme for America's first transcontinental air line collapsed.

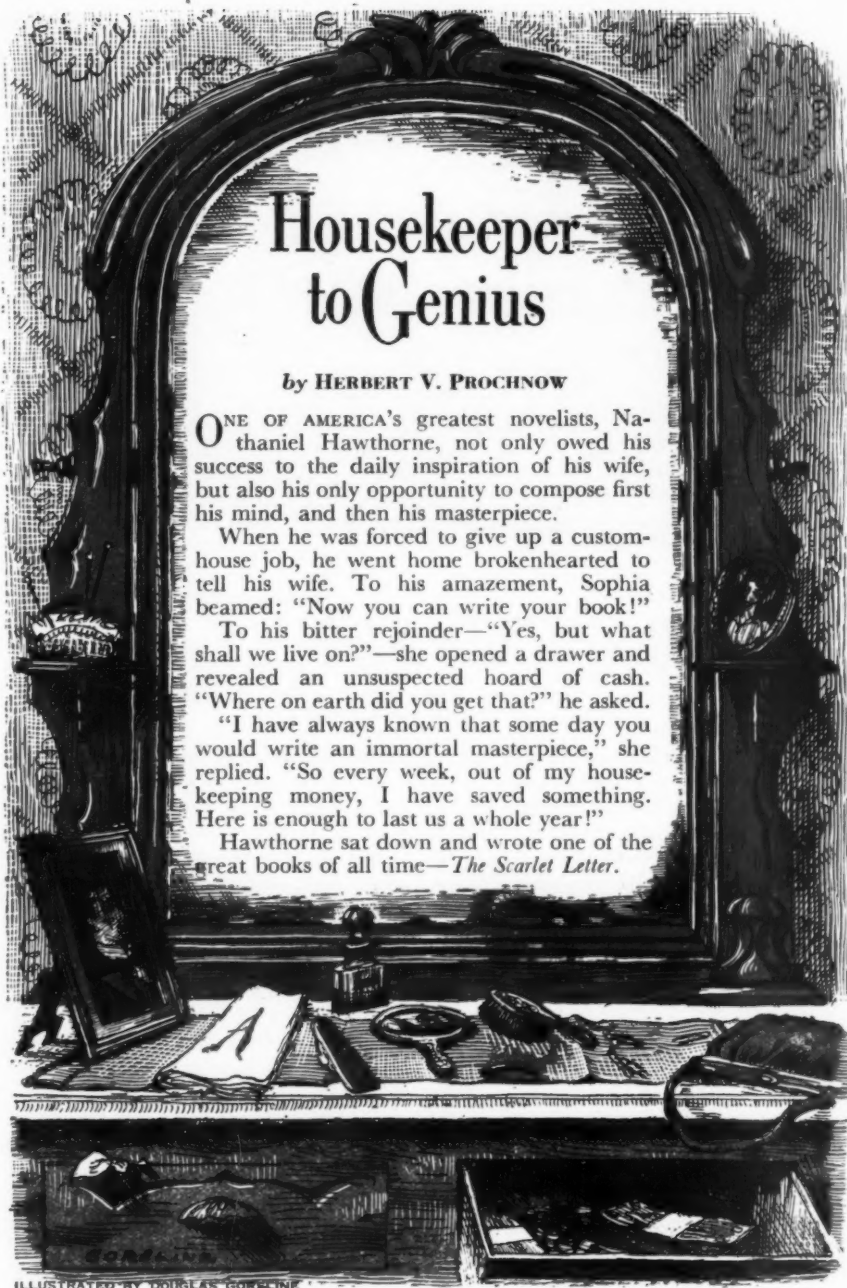
Three years later, Henri Giffard of France made the world's first successful flight in a power-driven airship. His vehicle? A rubberized, cloth-covered hydrogen balloon, propelled by a steam engine!



### How Right!

These trying times are the good old days  
we'll be longing for a few years from now.

—*Eric Magazine*



# Housekeeper to Genius

by HERBERT V. PROCHNOW

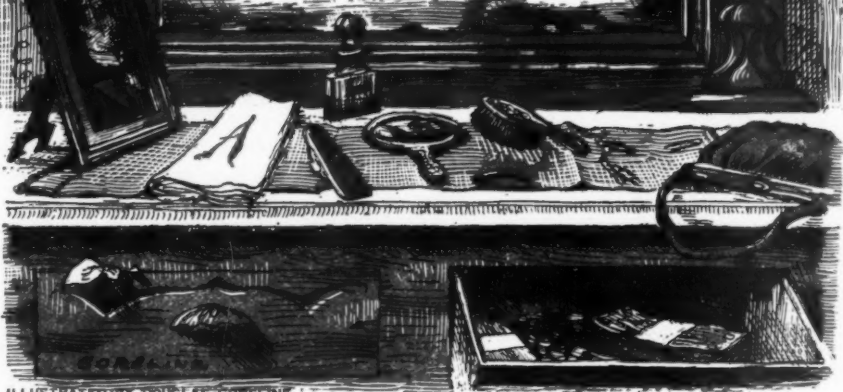
ONE OF AMERICA'S greatest novelists, Nathaniel Hawthorne, not only owed his success to the daily inspiration of his wife, but also his only opportunity to compose first his mind, and then his masterpiece.

When he was forced to give up a custom-house job, he went home brokenhearted to tell his wife. To his amazement, Sophia beamed: "Now you can write your book!"

To his bitter rejoinder—"Yes, but what shall we live on?"—she opened a drawer and revealed an unsuspected hoard of cash. "Where on earth did you get that?" he asked.

"I have always known that some day you would write an immortal masterpiece," she replied. "So every week, out of my house-keeping money, I have saved something. Here is enough to last us a whole year!"

Hawthorne sat down and wrote one of the great books of all time—*The Scarlet Letter*.



ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS GORELINE



## 325 Boys' Clubs Are Not Enough

by EUGENE LYONS

A "chain reaction" started 90 years ago is still inspiring America's youngsters

"IT'S A CHAIN REACTION," said David W. Armstrong as we sat talking in his modest headquarters on Fourth Avenue in New York City.

The remark at first seemed irrelevant. We were not discussing chemistry but the 90-year history of the Boys' Clubs of America, of which he is executive director. But when I delved into that history, the chemical allusion became apparent—and fascinating.

Armstrong was referring to the fact that boys who find fun, guidance and high ideals in the Clubs of one generation often become

leaders in this work when they grow up. Most of the 3,000 full- and part-time workers in the movement today, as well as the 2,000 volunteers and many of the 32,000 men on its local boards all over the country, were once "Boys' Club boys" themselves.

The miracle of chain reaction, Armstrong believes, holds as true in human as in molecular relations. A man's zeal to do good kindles its equivalent in boys who in time transmit the enthusiasm to a new generation of boys, and so on, in an endless process.

Prentice A. Jordan and a Pitts-

field newsboy will suffice as examples. Jordan was a shoe worker in Salem, Massachusetts, but his chief ambition was helping boys. When a committee of men decided to start a boys' club movement in Massachusetts, they contacted Jordan, who left his workbench and set up a Boys' Club in Pittsfield.

The Club was a mere one-room affair over a store. Jordan was a mite of a man, no more than 110 pounds, and plagued with chronic sinusitis. But to boys, he had an in-born quality that evoked respect and confidence. Dozens of youngsters made use of the meager facilities of Jordan's walk-up club. And through games, craft classes, books, and the stimulus of his friendship, he opened for them exciting vistas of a useful future.

One day a wealthy paper manufacturer, Zenas Crane of Dalton, sent for Jordan. "I have been watching your work," he said, "and I want to give you the facilities to carry on." Thus a fine building arose and, in the course of years, thousands of boys, a whole Pittsfield generation, came under the little man's spell.

All this was at the turn of the century, and Jordan has been dead for many years. But I write of his influence with assurance because I have the story directly from one of those youngsters. His name is David Armstrong.

Jordan was still in the one-room stage when David, then 12, discovered him. Young David's earnings were important to the large Armstrong family. To eke out \$4 a week, the boy delivered newspapers before school opened. But David had a hankering for good

reading, clean sports and decent surroundings—and somehow his yearnings found a focus in Jordan and the makeshift Club.

Today, nearly fifty years later, Armstrong directs the leisure activities of more than 300,000 boys, aged eight to 20, in 325 Clubs throughout the U. S. Youthful and dynamic at 64, he has set himself the goal of providing Clubs for at least another million young Americans. From Jordan to Armstrong to the Armstrongs of tomorrow—there is the chain reaction as it operated in one Massachusetts town, and as it has operated since 1860 in scores of communities where Boys' Clubs are active.

Not long ago, Armstrong was in San Francisco to address a combined group of Boys' Clubs of America. A man phoned him at his hotel. "I saw your picture in the papers," the caller said, "and wondered whether you'd remember 'the bad boy of Water Street' in Worcester."

Armstrong didn't remember. He had known hundreds of supposedly "bad boys" during the 34 years he administered the Club in that city. The caller, explaining that he was now a prosperous businessman of San Francisco, gave credit for his success to the Club.

Back in 1939, soon after Armstrong was installed in the State House at Boston as Commissioner of Public Welfare, a husky young man came to see him. "Mr. Armstrong, I had a day off and decided to drive in from Worcester to see you. I'm Johnny S——."

This time, Armstrong remembered. One day, Johnny had come to the Club, limping and trying to



hide pain. After one horrified look, Armstrong rushed the boy to a hospital. For days, Johnny had gone around with an infected leg because he was afraid of doctors.

Armstrong's prompt action had probably saved Johnny's life. "I own my own home," Johnny now boasted, "and I have the nicest wife in the world and two swell kids. I haven't done very much with myself, Mr. Armstrong, but I'm the best truck driver in all Worcester!"

Armstrong tells these stories with unabashed pride, for they typify thousands of cases. "But the job of building better citizens," he adds, "is only started. Scores of communities sorely need Clubs.

"Herbert Hoover, who has been chairman of our board since 1936, calculates that of some 20,000,000 American boys, perhaps 3,000,000 have to spend their outdoor life in congested areas of big cities. This brick-and-cement foundation for life, he says, is not good enough, because 'here we make gangsters and feed jails'."

In 1941, Dartmouth conferred an honorary degree of Master of Arts on Armstrong. The official citation began with these words: "David W. Armstrong, educated in a major degree through his own natural curiosity and initiative . . ."

This was a sympathetic allusion to the fact that Armstrong's formal education ended at 15 when he was graduated from grade school. He became a shoe worker for a while, then an insurance clerk. Meanwhile, the new Club made possible by Crane was opened and Jordan offered 18-year-old David a job as part-time physical director.

Two years later, he recommended his protégé as director of the Worcester Club.

Armstrong thus took command of hundreds of boys, some of them almost as old as himself. He remained in this post from 1907 to 1941. On his arrival, the Club was housed in a dilapidated structure and operated on a budget of less than \$3,000 a year. When he left to become national Executive Director, Worcester boasted two of the finest Club buildings in the country, with assets in excess of \$1,200,000 and a budget of \$85,000.

These figures come to life when translated into facilities for boys in competition with the pavements. They spell gymnasiums, swimming pools, game rooms, libraries, summer camps, art and craft shops, medical services, glee clubs, orchestras and literary groups. They spell a second home and character guidance for thousands of tomorrow's citizens whose home life is cramped and inadequate.

In 1939, Massachusetts was shaken by an investigation of its Department of Public Welfare, which reported waste and serious inefficiency. Governor Saltonstall appealed to Armstrong to reorganize the department. Armstrong accepted on condition that he return to his Boys' Club work after the job was completed.

SINCE ARMSTRONG became national director of the Club movement in 1941, the aggregate membership has increased 50 per cent, operating budgets 118 per cent, paid workers 86 per cent. Now Armstrong is working on his dream of Clubs for no less than 1,000,000



boys in areas where the need is most urgent.

Everyone who knows David Armstrong concedes that he has the basic talents from which great business leaders are made. He also has the makings of a forceful politician. But he would rather make money for benevolent movements than for himself. He prefers to use his political know-how to maneuver another town into starting another Boys' Club.

His Clubs are nonsectarian and any boy can belong. Although work with delinquents and underprivileged groups naturally attracts most attention, it is not given emphasis. The majority of the 300,000 boys who fill the Clubs every day are average, normal youngsters, for whom the Club is not a substitute for home but an exciting supplement to home.

Armstrong likes to tell stories of sheltered boys from well-to-do families who come to the Clubs. There they find the democratic companionship and rough-and-tumble competition which they need to round out their personalities. "All boys are equal in the showers and the gymnasium," he says, "and it does them good to find that out."

Then he adds: "Children are the most important of our natural resources. Most of them will grow up into useful citizens, but there is a minority that needs guidance. More important, there is the oppor-

tunity for making even the best of the crop more tolerant, more co-operative and more democratic."

Hordes of club alumni, deployed through every section of American life, provide living proof of Armstrong's thesis. They include business leaders like Eugene C. Reardon, vice-president of Superior Steel Corporation, and John Cummings, general manager of Greyhound Bus Lines; clergymen like the Rev. Vincent C. Dore, dean at Providence College in Rhode Island, and the Rev. Lawrence Brock, famous chaplain of World War II; physicians like the noted heart specialist, Dr. Samuel A. Levine, and Dr. Michael Zeller, president of the Allergy Society; public officials like Justice Francis B. Condon of the Rhode Island Supreme Court, and Chief of Police Erwin Konovsky of Chicago; entertainers like Irving Berlin, Eddie Cantor, Joe E. Brown, Dick Powell, and "Senator" Edward Ford; sports figures like Mickey Vernon, Joe DiMaggio, Barney Ross, Willie Lewis, Leach Cross and Tony Longo.

The list of "Boys' Club boys" who have made their marks in life as men runs to many pages. Each is an argument for all-out support of the Club movement. But the best argument of all is the Pittsfield newsboy, David Armstrong, whose ardor for helping boys was kindled long ago by Prentice Jordan in an upstairs one-room club.



### The Tie that Blinds

No matter how much women race to buy Christmas presents for men, the race always ends in a tie.

—EARL WILSON, *New York Post Syndicate*



## How Bachelors Get That Way

by E. ARDIS WHITMAN

Why do millions of men dodge matrimony? Here is the frank and surprising answer!

THE BACHELOR BREED, as every woman knows, is a race apart. It is also a sizable segment of our population. Of the nearly 9,000,000 single men in America who are over 20, approximately one in three will never marry.

What makes a man a bachelor? Is it chance or deliberate intent which keeps nearly 3,000,000 of them away from a destiny that other men take for granted? A good way to answer is to look at a few typical case histories.

Bill's friends are not at all surprised when they get a card from him, postmarked Bangkok or Singapore. Bill grows restless when he finds himself spending more than a few months in one place.

At 14, he ran away from home and hitchhiked halfway across the

continent before his harassed parents found him. At 16, he lied about his age and enlisted in the Marines. By the time he was 25, he had been successively a salesman, a reporter, an actor and a stevedore. At the moment, he is on an expedition to look for the lost cities in the Andes.

Women give Bill claustrophobia. "They are all right for an hour or two," he says, "but take one on for life? Not me! No woman is ever satisfied until she has you where you can't get away—tied down with a house and a garden and a bunch of kids."

Women think Bill glamorous. Upon occasion, he thinks so, too. To most psychologists, however, the rolling stone is no adventuring hero but an insecure adolescent, convinced that there is an

environment somewhere in which he could be perfectly happy—if only he could find it.

Aubrey is an only child. Thirty-five years old, he still lives at home with his mother, who is very proud of her son's devotion. "Aubrey won't go anywhere without me," she tells friends, excusing herself for hurrying home to accompany him to a play or a concert.

From time to time, Aubrey brings a girl home for inspection, but she is always unsuitable. This is all right with Aubrey, when he has time to think it over. Marriage, he points out, is a risky business. Wives are often extravagant or shrewish. Children fall ill or turn out badly.

Bachelors like Aubrey fear the risks of married life. But some single men are simply afraid of women. They are short on etiquette and afraid they will make social blunders; or they are frightened of sexual incapacity; or they have been profoundly hurt in childhood and feel inwardly unworthy of love.

Roger is not timid nor has he anything against marriage. He has not married simply because he has never found a woman to suit him. All the women he knows are full of defects. Some are spoiled, selfish and aggressive; others are colorless and lacking in spirit. Hardly one woman in 50, according to Roger, has enough charm and intelligence to interest him.

So year follows year and Roger goes on looking for the woman worthy of him. He thinks of himself as a man of taste and sophistication, and perhaps he is. But the psychologists take a tougher attitude toward men like Roger.

"People," they say, "who demand a great deal of others before they can love them, are not interested in love but in self-gratification."

Dexter had his first affair at 14. Since then, his relations with women have caused him to be expelled from two preparatory schools and one college, and provided him with endless tales for the locker room. Dexter has lost count of the women he has loved, and is certain that he is too fond of all women to marry any one of them.

But experts in human behavior disagree. "You do not love women at all," they admonish. "In fact, you hate them. Your love-'em-and-leave-'em tactics are a kind of revenge for your own inadequacies—a way of proving yourself a man."

Prof. Percival M. Symonds of Teachers College, Columbia University, analyzes the problem this way in his book, *The Dynamics of Human Adjustment*: "Popularly the Don Juan is thought of as being a particularly passionate person. Actually, the man who flits from one love affair to the other is amatorially weak. He frequently is less concerned with his passion than with his hostility. The Don Juan is haunted by fears of his own possible lack of virility, and the destructive effects of his own hostilities."

TODAY, THE BACHELOR is perhaps at his peak of power. Turn back the years to Jonathan, the bachelor of colonial New England. It was hard for Jonathan to feed, clothe or shelter himself. He was seldom allowed to live alone. Worse, he was usually compelled to let the courts pick a home for him.

Farther back in time, the bache-

lor's plight was no better. In Sparta, he was ridiculed. In Biblical times, he was the subject of a special curse. In all periods of history, he has been vigorously taxed and as vigorously censured.

Contrast this with his present lot. Service apartments and comfortable hotels await his pleasure. He buys his clothes ready-made and has them repaired without trouble. Society, too, looks upon him with favor and even finds him glamorous! Sexual outlets are readily available to him.

But when all this has been said, the bachelor remains at war with society, and outside the main currents of life. His sexual activities, for instance, are illicit and many are less satisfactory than those of the married man.

Take John, for instance. He is good-looking—dark eyes, broad shoulders, an easy stride—and until recently, women have not been much of a problem for him. By exercising a little charm, spending a little money, and keeping in circulation, his amatory needs have been met without difficulty.

But John is now 42. His hair is thinning, and to avoid a paunch he plays exhausting games of golf and tennis. He has to work at his charm now, and it is becoming a little difficult to be witty and tender at the right moments. Also, he is not making as much money as he used to, and is having to spend more to achieve the same results.

To be sure, some bachelors, like Martin, are able to manage long and serious affairs with individual women. Many of these women are companionable and charming. The trouble is, they either love Martin

or they don't. If they don't, the wound to his ego—and his pocket-book—is considerable. If they do, there are unpleasant emotional scenes and a great deal of uncomfortable possessiveness.

The satisfying sexual relationships of the happily married man can rarely be available to the bachelor. But he loses more than this.

To understand, let us look in for a moment at a typical American family. It is a rainy Saturday afternoon and they are all at home. The twins are stretched on the floor, tinkering with an electric train; Judy is curling her hair by the kitchen mirror; and her mother is putting a cake in the oven.

When they hear father's car, they all run to the door. He stands there, smiling, obviously full of news. Four pairs of eyes are on him at once, waiting to be surprised.

"What is it, John?" says his wife, smiling.

He takes a slip of paper from his pocket and waves it. "A bonus!" he says. "A \$200-bonus we didn't plan on at all!"

In a minute they are all talking at once, proud of him, proud of themselves because they belong to him. The kitchen is warm with shouts and laughter, and it is a big moment for John. He is still smiling as he opens the paper and settles back with his pipe. Then he thinks to himself: you can say what you like about the way a family keeps your nose to the grindstone, but times like this make every bit of it worth while.

It is this the bachelor misses—the security of home, the sense of belonging, the gratification of expressing himself through his chil-

dren. He has nowhere to go for comfort, no one to brag to in victory, no shoulder to weep on in trouble. As he grows older and more set in his solitary ways, it becomes less and less possible for him to experience a warm, selfless, outgoing love.

Now of course the bachelor is often a hard-working and valuable citizen. Often he contributes selflessly to the happiness of others and to the community. But though he protests vigorously that he wouldn't change places with the married man, psychologists dispute him. From all surveys and studies, it is clear that he is often a bewildered, unhappy and cheated individual.

His problems are not his alone. Society, too, is concerned, because he does not contribute to the establishment of happy families.

Statistics fail to convey the full extent of the tragedies involved because so many men refuse to marry.

"The only thing I ever wanted to do is keep house," an attractive, middle-aged stenographer told me sadly. "I love to cook and sew, and I wanted children more than anything else in the world. What makes me really bitter is the lonely middle-aged men who have no one to care about what happens to them."

Unfortunately, there will always be bachelors, among them men who enrich our culture and whose talents are better served by living alone. But for the most part, the bachelor is "not the marrying kind" because he has frustrations and complexes which keep him at odds with family life and prevent his adjusting to its responsibilities.

It is the concern of society to make sure that he has help when and where it is needed. And it is the concern of the bachelor to re-think his own problems and ask himself whether, in the life of the single man, he is finding their solution.



### Passing Strange

WHAT HAPPENED ON a downtown Indianapolis street corner the other day convinced me that collies show, at times, a sensitivity and intelligence that passes human understanding . . .

With the quiet dignity of her breed, the collie stood beside her master, waiting for the lights to change, when a big, untidily dressed man shoved the animal awkwardly out of the way and started across the street.

The collie, instinctively angered

at being pushed, drew back her teeth for a warning growl. But instead, her expression seemed suddenly to change. Reaching up, she gripped the big man's coat in her teeth, pulled him back to the curb and held him there until the light changed. Then, looking up at her master as if in apology, the dog walked the big man gently but firmly to the other side of the street.

It was only then that her master realized, as the collie had sensed, that the big man was blind.

—JOSEPHINE MASON, *Indianapolis Star*



## Science Proves "THE STORY OF CREATION"

by NORMAN CARLISLE

Dramatic new discoveries give a breath-taking picture of the birth of the universe

THE UNIVERSE WAS BORN in a matter of minutes, in a single tremendous act of creation! With this startling announcement, a group of famous scientists has dramatically told the world that their discoveries provide a striking scientific background to the great story in Genesis.

Tying together the answers to a whole series of mysteries that have long baffled mankind, science has constructed a single magnificent framework that explains the cosmos.

It provides a documented story of the universe right back to the most utterly incredible moment of all—Time: Zero, the moment *before* there was a universe!

This epochal announcement was made by Dr. Ralph A. Alpher and Dr. Robert C. Herman of the Applied Physics Laboratory of Johns Hopkins University, and Prof. George Gamow of George Washington University. To piece together the gigantic jigsaw puzzle of the Creation Story, they drew upon the



work of hundreds of physicists, astronomers, geologists and chemists. The few missing pieces in their revelations have been filled in by astronomers like Bart J. Bok and Frank L. Whipple, both of Harvard Observatory.

Look at Act I in the exciting scientific drama of our cosmic timetable. A scientist in a darkened room is peering into a microscope. As he watches, tiny flashes of light flicker steadily under his gaze seconds apart, one after the other. Finally the scientist starts calculating. He takes a piece of the stuff he has had under the microscope, holds a Geiger counter to it. Click . . . click . . . click. It ticks out audible indication that the material is radioactive.

The scientist was examining a piece of the oldest rock on earth. It told an amazing story. To understand it, consider facts about the radioactivity of natural rocks. In the course of years, radioactive substances, like the uranium the scientist was examining, lose their radioactivity, change into different elements. What the scientist had proved was that it takes uranium five billion years to lose its radioactivity and turn to lead. Here was a significant clue in the history of our planet.

The rock he was examining was thought to be the oldest on earth. To find it, geologists had searched the corners of the globe. Yet only 37 per cent of this uranium had turned to lead!

Now 37 per cent of five billion is 1,850,000,000. By doing more calculating, making allowances for errors, the scientist came up with a figure. Approximately two billion

years. Mark it well, for in this cosmic drama you will hear it again.

Two billion years. To the scientist this meant that the earth's materials could not be much older than that. Here was evidence that if you go back about two billion years, maybe a little more, you will come to Time: Zero. Emptiness . . . nothing . . . a moment when there was no earth, no universe.

**I**N ACT II IN THE DRAMA of science, we see astronomer Bok at work. He studies a pile of photographs with growing amazement. He, too, turns away to do some calculating, excitedly comes back to the photos—pictures of the Milky Way, the galaxy that is the home of our own solar system. To understand what Bok saw in them, consider the Milky Way as an enormous wheel. Scattered about the wheel are millions of stars, like our sun. The whole gigantic wheel is spinning around a flaming hub, the galactic center, which consists of great numbers of stars close together.

The spinning movement creates powerful forces that tend to pull clusters of stars apart. With each complete turn of the wheel, they should be pulled farther apart. After many turns, the astronomers had concluded, there would be no loose clusters at all.

That was what stunned astronomer Bok. On those photos he had seen hundreds of star clusters! This added up to one stark fact: *the Milky Way had not revolved very many times*. Not often enough to pull those clusters apart.

Now it takes something like 250,000,000 years for the Milky Way to revolve. After ten revolutions,

not more than 15, there would have been no more clusters, Bok reasoned. Yet there they were. So suppose it had gone around about eight times. That would have taken about *two billion years!*

A scientist looking at a piece of earth had estimated it was about two billion years old. Another scientist peering into our galaxy had found it must be about two billion years old. Had they found the date for that fateful moment, for The Beginning?

Now let's look at Act III. An astronomer on a California mountain top is peering out into the black abyss of space—far beyond our own Milky Way, to nebulae half a million light years away. (Remember that light travels almost six *trillion* miles a year.) The photographs he is taking show something so unbelievable that he cannot credit his senses. The galaxies are rushing away into space at frightful speeds, like particles of an exploding shell.

The man who saw the universe exploding was famed Edwin Powell Hubble\*, working with astronomical photographer Milton Humason. Intricate calculations revealed that the nebulae were racing away through space at speeds up to 25,000 miles a second.

Scientists all over the world went to work on this fantastic mystery. They visualized a backward flight of the galaxies, like a motion picture in which you see water leaping back into a pail. Then they proceeded to bring the galaxies back along their tracks through space. Their complicated mathematics brought them to a stunning conclusion—the one reached by Al-

\*He Saw the Universe Explode, CORONET, November, 1948.

pher, Herman and Gamow. The galaxies had indeed come from the same spot in space. And what was more, these hurtling and now-distant masses of matter had begun their flight between two and three billion years ago!

Could all the galaxies, all the countless billions upon billions of stars, have been jam-packed into a tiny point of space, perhaps no bigger than our own solar system? The scientists concluded that they could have been—but not in the form of stars. With all the materials that would make a universe compressed into this minute area, conditions of pressure and heat would have been such that not even matter could have existed.

This primordial life stuff of the universe must have been made up of sheer energy, blazing with inconceivable power—energy so overwhelming that, by comparison, the heart of an atomic bomb is a mere firecracker. How long it had been there, where it had come from to begin with, the scientists of course cannot even imagine. They cannot probe behind Time: Zero.

They do know that, at the zero hour, there must have been some tremendous stirring in that unimaginable "universe egg." It surged within and exploded. No human guesswork can be bold enough to envisage the shattering thrust of pure driving energy which started the race through space. Not a race of stars or solid pieces of matter, only of radiant energy.

Alpher, Herman and Gamow have worked out a timetable of events after that first moment of explosion. In just four of our minutes, they estimate, the energy had

expanded by billions of miles. Its temperature dropped swiftly from billions of degrees Centigrade to perhaps one billion degrees.

Now came a tremendous turning point, next to the explosion itself the greatest in all the history of the universe. Up to this point, there had been no atoms. Only seething energy, consisting of wildly racing neutrons. With today's knowledge of what goes on in the heart of the atom, nuclear scientists are able to figure out what happened next.

The neutrons slowed down, giving off part of their electrical charge in the form of tiny packets of energy that we now know as electrons. Somehow these electrons arranged themselves around the neutrons, forming electronic envelopes.

Here were the first atoms. The universe that was "without form and void" now had building blocks. First came the atoms of uranium and thorium, with many electrons, then stage by stage the atoms of lighter elements, with fewer electrons. Each drop in temperature and pressure created a condition exactly right for the formation of a different kind of atom—until at last the final one of hydrogen, with only a single electron, was created.

In one fantastic hour after the cosmic explosion, all the 92 elements had been formed! In one hour there they were—all the atoms that would make all the galaxies, planets, suns, all the substances in the earth, even all living creatures! Nothing would ever be added!

**N**OW JUMP AHEAD ten million years. The great mass of elements is still a seething, uniformly distributed substance, but it has

expanded enormously, rushing out billions of miles through space. There are still not stars—only a vast expanse of dust and radiation. But the stage is set for another mighty act.

The particles of dust begin to change their relative positions until they are no longer evenly distributed. Distinct clouds of dust begin to form. Here is where the words "let there be light" come to have tremendous significance. For part of the radiant energy existent in that unformed universe was in the form of light, and this force, say astronomers like Whipple and Lyman Spitzer of Princeton, was what made the stars, the sun, our own earth.

But how could light make stars? Because of a fact that seems fantastic to anyone but a physicist: light, being a form of energy, exerts pressure.

Through variations in light intensity, one dust particle cast a shadow on another, slowed it up by reducing light pressure on it. The particle that cast the shadow caught up with the one in the shadow, joined it. The two cast a still bigger shadow, cut off the light pressure on more particles, and so on and on until there was a whole cloud of loosely joined dust. Nothing much like a star here. But wait.

There is a swirling motion in that dust cloud. As it spins, the particles draw closer and closer together until, finally, about a billion years after it first began to form, the cloud's diameter has shrunk to 6,000 billion miles. At this point a mighty battle begins—light pressure versus gravity. And gravity wins.

The dust cloud begins to shrink still more, getting denser as it does;

as density increases, so does the force of gravity. The inward rush of particles becomes a mighty hurricane of motion. According to Whipple, a few hundred years after the moment that gravity first won out, the dust cloud has collapsed into a star!

The furious dash of the particles has also created heat—savage temperatures of billions of degrees—setting off nuclear reactions in the carbon, hydrogen and helium. The star becomes a mighty atomic engine, a blazing sun.

But where are the planets? The scientists have figured that out too, as part of this grand scheme of things. No more do they hold to the old theory that a chance visit by a passing star ripped pieces out of the sun. Instead, they say, our earth, and all the other planets, and probably countless billions of planets revolving around other suns, were made just as the stars were made—from clouds of dust.

Having reconstructed the past, the scientists are now looking at the present. They have come up with a surprising revelation—far from being tired, old and run-down, the universe is active, still fresh enough to be in the throes of creation! It was Bok who first came upon this stupendous fact.

On a photograph of a section of the Milky Way, Bok saw a dark patch. Was it a photographic blemish—or something else? Eagerly he thumbed through a stack of Milky Way prints. On all of them he found the same tiny black spots.

Suddenly Bok realized what they were—pictures of gigantic dust clouds. Here was another overwhelming thought. Were these

clouds going to turn into stars? Was creation still going on?

Bok knew there was a way to get an answer. Astrophysicists had arrived at that 6,000-billion-mile diameter as the point at which the particles in a dust cloud would suddenly start to rush inwards to form a star.

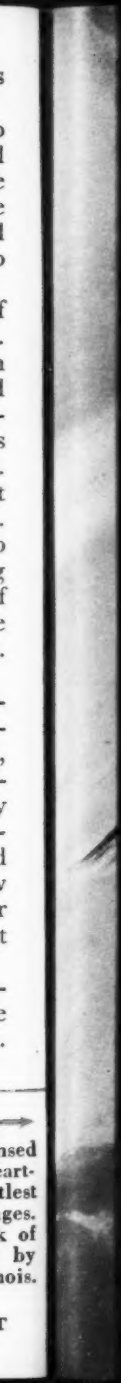
Bok began to check hundreds of photographs, measuring each cloud. Most were more than 6,000 billion miles in diameter. To Bok, and many astronomers, here was conclusive evidence that the clouds had not yet collapsed into stars. And it explained a mystery that had long puzzled the sky-scanners.

Why are some stars blazing so brightly when they should long since have been burned black if they are as old as the rest of the universe? Here was the answer. They are young stars.

Science has passed a great milestone in presenting this stirring version of the Creation Story. Yet, magnificent a scientific achievement as this cosmic timetable may be, even top scientists must recognize that the most profound mystery of all still remains: how did life emerge from the nuclear fluid that became cosmic dust that became the suns and planets?

It is a humbling thought to realize that science cannot provide the answer to this greatest of questions.

CORONET proudly presents this condensed version of Charles Tazewell's heart-warming Christmas story, "The Littlest Angel," in 16 magnificent color pages. This condensation is from the book of the same title, published at \$1.00 by Childrens Press, Inc., Chicago 7, Illinois.



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# The Littlest Angel

by CHARLES TAZEWELL



This is a story for people who love Christmas and Christmas trees, holly berries and mistletoe, Santa Claus, and music boxes that tinkle *Silent Night*. Especially illustrated for CORONET by Nettie Weber, the story of The Littlest Angel is as real and heart-warming as the spirit of Christmas.

ONCE UPON A TIME—many years ago as time is calculated by men but only Yesterday in the Celestial Calendar of Heaven—there was, in Paradise, a most miserable, thoroughly unhappy and utterly dejected cherub who was known throughout Heaven as "The Littlest Angel!"

He was exactly four years, six months, five days, seven hours and forty-two minutes of age when he presented himself to the venerable Gatekeeper for admittance to the Glorious Kingdom of God.

Standing defiantly, with his short legs wide apart, the Littlest Angel tried to pretend that he wasn't at all impressed by such Unearthly Splendor, and that he wasn't at all afraid. But his lower lip trembled, and a tear disgraced him by mak-

ing a new furrow down his already tear-streaked face—coming to a precipitous halt at the very tip of his small freckled nose.

But that wasn't all. While the kindly Gatekeeper was entering



the name in his great Book, the Littlest Angel, having left home as usual without a handkerchief, endeavored to hide the tears by sniffing—a most unangelic sound which so unnerved the good Gatekeeper that he did something he had never done before in all Eternity. He blotted the page!

From that moment on, the Heavenly Peace was never quite the same, and the Littlest Angel soon became the despair of all the Heavenly Host. His shrill ear-splitting whistle resounded at all hours through the Golden Streets. It startled the Patriarch Prophets and disturbed their meditations. On top of that, he vociferously sang off-key at the singing practice of the Heavenly Choir, spoiling its ethereal effect.





And, being so small that it seemed to take him just twice as long as anyone else to get to nightly prayers, the Littlest Angel always arrived late, and always knocked everyone's wings askew as he darted

into his place.

Although these flaws in behavior might have been overlooked, the appearance of the Littlest Angel was even more disreputable than his department. It was first whis-

pered among the Seraphim and Cherubim, then said aloud among the Angels and Archangels, that he didn't even look like an angel!

And they were all correct. He didn't. His haio was tarnished where he held onto it with one hot little chubby hand when he ran,







and he was always running. Furthermore, even when he stood very still, it never behaved like a halo should. It was always slipping down over his eye or else, just for pure meanness, slipping off the back of his head and rolling away down some Golden Street—just so he would have to chase after it!

Yes, and it must be recorded that his wings were neither useful nor ornamental. All Paradise held its breath when the Littlest Angel perched himself like an unhappy fledgling sparrow on the very edge of a gilded cloud and prepared to take off. He would teeter this way and that way — but, after much coaxing and a few false starts, he would shut both eyes, hold his freckled nose, count up to three hundred and three, and then hurl himself slowly into space!

However, owing to the regrettable fact that he always forgot to move his wings, the Littlest Angel always fell head over halo!

Now, anyone can easily understand why the Littlest Angel would, sooner or later, have to be disciplined. And so, on an Eternal Day of an Eternal Month in the year Eternal, he was directed to present his small self before an Angel of the Peace.

The Littlest Angel combed his hair, dusted his wings and scrambled into an almost clean robe, and then, with heavy heart, trudged his way to the place of judgment. He tried to postpone the dreaded ordeal by loitering along the Street of The Guardian Angels, pausing a few timeless moments to study the long list of new arrivals, although all Heaven knew he couldn't read a word. And he idled



more than several immortal moments to examine a display of aureate harps, although everyone in the Celestial City knew he couldn't tell a crotchet from a semiquaver.

But at last he slowly approached a doorway which was surmounted by a pair of golden scales, signifying that Heavenly Justice was dispensed within. To the Littlest Angel's great surprise, he heard a merry voice, singing!

The Littlest Angel removed his halo and breathed upon it heavily, then polished it upon his robe, a procedure which added nothing to that garment's already untidy appearance, and then tiptoed in!

The Singer, who was known as the Understanding Angel, looked down at the small culprit, and the Littlest Angel instantly tried to make himself invisible by the ingenious process of withdrawing his head into the collar of his robe, very much like a snapping turtle.

At that, the Singer laughed, a jolly, heart-warming sound, and said, "Oh, so you're the one who's been making Heaven so unheavenly! Come here, Cherub, and tell me all about it!"

The Littlest Angel looked furtively from beneath his robe. First one eye. And then the other eye.

Suddenly, almost before he knew it, he was perched on the lap of the Understanding Angel, and was explaining how very difficult it was

for a boy who suddenly finds himself transformed into an angel. Yes, and no matter what the Archangels said, he'd only swung once. Well, twice. Oh, all right, then, he'd swung three times on the Golden







Gates. But that was just for something to do!

That was the whole trouble. There wasn't anything for a small angel to do. And he was very homesick. Oh, not that Paradise wasn't beautiful! But the Earth was beautiful, too! Wasn't it created by God Himself? Why, there were trees to climb, and brooks to fish, and caves to play at pirate chief, the swimming hole, and sun, and rain, and dark, and dawn, and thick brown dust, so soft and warm beneath your feet!

The Understanding Angel smiled, and in his eyes was a long-forgotten memory of another small boy in a long ago. Then he asked the Littlest Angel what would make him most happy in Paradise. The Cherub thought for a moment, then whispered in his ear.

"There's a box I left under my bed back home. If only I could have that!"









The Understanding Angel nodded. "You shall have it," he promised. And a fleet-winged Heavenly messenger was instantly dispatched to bring the box to Paradise.

And then, in all those timeless days that followed, everyone wondered at the great change in the Littlest Angel, for, among all the cherubs in God's Kingdom, he was the most happy. His conduct was above reproach. His appearance was all that the most fastidious could wish for. And on excursions to Elysian Fields, it could be truly said that he flew like an angel!

Then it came to pass that Jesus, the Son of God, was to be born of Mary, at Bethlehem. And as the glorious tidings spread through Paradise, all the angels rejoiced and their voices were lifted to herald the Miracle of Miracles, the coming of the Christ Child.

The Angels and Archangels, the Seraphim and Cherubim, the Gatekeeper, the Wingmaker, even the Halosmith put aside their usual tasks to prepare gifts for the Blessed Infant. All but the Littlest Angel. He sat down on the topmost step of the Golden Stairs and anxiously waited for inspiration.

What could he give that would be most acceptable to the Son of God? At one time, he dreamed of composing a lyric hymn of adoration. But the Littlest Angel was woefully wanting in musical talent.

Then he grew tremendously ex-

cited over writing a prayer! A prayer that would live forever in the hearts of men, because it would be the first prayer ever to be heard by the Christ Child. But the Littlest Angel was lamentably lacking in literate skill.

"What, oh what, could a small angel give that would please the Holy Infant? . . ."

The time of the Miracle was very close at hand when the Littlest Angel at last decided on his gift. Then, on that Day of Days, he proudly brought it from its hiding place behind a cloud, and humbly, with downcast eyes, placed it before the Throne of God. It was only a small, rough, unsightly box, but inside were all those wonderful things that even a Child of God would treasure!

A small, rough, unsightly box, lying among all those other glorious gifts from all the Angels of Paradise! Gifts of such radiant splendor and breathless beauty that Heaven and all the Universe were lighted by the mere reflection of their glory! And when the Littlest Angel saw this, he suddenly knew that his gift to God's Child was irreverent, and he wished he might reclaim his shabby gift.

It was ugly and worthless. If only he could hide it away from the sight of God before it was even noticed!


But it was too late! The Hand of God moved slowly over all that bright array of shining gifts, then



paused, then dropped, then came to rest—on the lowly gift of the Littlest Angel!

The Littlest Angel trembled as the box was opened, and there, before the Eyes of God and all His Heavenly Host, was what he offered to the Christ Child.

And what was his gift to the Blessed Infant? Well, there was a butterfly with golden wings, captured one bright summer day on the high hills above Jerusalem, and



a sky-blue egg from a bird's nest in the olive tree that shaded his mother's kitchen door. Yes, and two white stones, found on a muddy river bank, where he and his friends had played, and, at the bottom of the box, a limp, tooth-marked leather strap, once worn as a collar by his mongrel dog, who had died as he had lived, in absolute love and infinite devotion.

The Littlest Angel wept hot and bitter tears, for now he knew that instead of honoring the Son of God, he had been most blasphemous. Why had he ever thought the box was so wonderful? Why had he dreamed that such utterly useless things would be loved by the Blessed Infant?

In frantic terror, he turned to run and hide from the Divine Wrath of the Heavenly Father. But suddenly he stumbled and fell, and with a horrified wail and clatter of halo, rolled in a ball of consummate misery to the very foot of the Heavenly Throne!

There was ominous and dreadful silence in the Celestial City, a silence complete and undisturbed save for the heartbroken sobbing

of the Littlest Angel. Then suddenly, The Voice of God, like divine music, rose and swelled through Paradise! And the Voice spoke, saying:

"Of all the gifts of all the angels, I find that this small box pleases Me most. Its contents are of the Earth and of men, and My Son is born to be King of both. These are the things My Son, too, will know and love and cherish and then, regretful, will leave behind Him when His task is done.

"I accept this gift in the Name of the Child, Jesus, born of Mary this night in Bethlehem."

There was a breathless pause, and then the rough, unsightly box of the Littlest Angel began to glow with a bright, unearthly light, then the light became a lustrous flame, and the flame became a radiant brilliance that blinded the eyes of all the angels!

None but the Littlest Angel saw it rise from its place before the Throne of God. And he, and only he, watched it arch the firmament to stand and shed its clear, white, beckoning light over a Stable where a Child was Born.



There it shone on that Night of Miracles, and its light was reflected down the centuries deep in the heart of all mankind. Yet, earthly

eyes, blinded, too, by its splendor, could never know that the lowly gift of the Littlest Angel was what all men would call forever:

"THE SHINING STAR OF BETHLEHEM!"

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## OLD HENRY: SON OF KINGS

by RICHARD BARNITZ

With the grace and dignity of a true aristocrat, he spent his life serving others

**H**ENRY FISHER'S SKIN was black, his silvered hair hung to his shoulders, and he did small chores until he gradually wore out and died after he had passed his 106th birthday. His parents were born in Africa and were brought here by blackbirders in the 1790s to be sold as slaves. He said humbly, but not without pride, that his father and mother told him never to forget that he came of the blood of kings.

He did not know his age but we did; I often asked him but his answers were wide of the mark by 20 or 30 years. He simply had no idea

how old he was. "I'm old as my little finger," he would say.

Henry came to work for my great-great-grandfather, just for a summer as a bound-boy. But to me he was always Old Henry, for when I recollect him in the 1890s, when I was a small boy, he was already a very old man.

Then around 90, he went sprightly about his work as he had always done at the three family homes in which dwelt our clan. The town was small in those days and easy-going; warm sunshine sifted through the buckeyes, maples and syc-

mores that walked thick along sides of dusty streets. Time crept like a cat while shuttered houses dozed away the hot afternoons. Those days marked the ending of an era.

Henry believed in spirits and signs, and he would talk to animals as simply and kindly as he talked to people. To him, there wasn't anything strange about the night Old Thompson died and he knew it beforehand. The puckered-faced hounds talked that night under a frosty moon and I was in the lower yard, shivering as I listened to their wailing.

Old Hen came in the alley gate, pausing to listen with head cocked on one side, and said: "Somebody be dyin' somewhar. I feels dat an' don' need de dogs for to say so."

I clung to his coattails as we went up the boardwalk and darted into the house. Sure enough, next morning they found Thompson in a barn across the alley.

To the time he was 100 years old, Henry carried himself erect; but soon after that his shoulders began to bend just a little. He was of average height but very broad of shoulder, with sturdy arms and legs and never a bit of fat. There were few lines in his face except for slight furrows on his brow; he was near-sighted and the furrows came from squinching his eyes.

His hair was luxuriant but his moustache scraggly, and on either side of his chin were cottony tufts of beard. He had direct and deeply honest eyes, and the natural grace and bearing of an aristocrat. He would scythe the meadow, split stovewood back of the shed or attend to the milking, then come in for a bath in the huge tin tub above

the kitchen, don fresh clothes and wait table when company came, which was often.

He took enormous pride in the plentiful family silver and wore it thin with a century of polishing, using only finely sifted wood ashes and a soft chamois. Henry buried this silver many times during the Civil War, for this region was just above the Mason and Dixon Line, four miles north of the Maryland border in Pennsylvania and 13 miles east of Gettysburg.

The armies came here several times, and it did not matter to Henry whether the soldiers were Union or Confederate. He mistrusted them equally and guarded the silver with a proprietary air. This chore disposed of, he then drove the horses and cows to the safety of near-by Pigeon Hills.

In a derby hat green with age, Henry carried cigars given to him by Uncle Bob, and they were the same Havanas that Uncle Bob smoked himself. The hat was a reticule and in it were also other valuables wrapped in a red bandanna. He devised some method of tipping his hat by bowing and sweeping it low without spilling the contents; but sometimes the hat was too full and he could not sweep it off with such a grand gesture.

I LIKED TO BE ON HAND when Henry had his meals. He ate in the kitchen where a cloth was laid for him. It was linen, the kind our folks used to make from flax grown here, spun and woven at home, but that was long before my time. After he had washed up at the sink, Henry first thing put his hat under his chair and, at intervals, reached

down to reassure himself it was there. He tucked one big napkin into his shirt collar and put another full spread on his lap.

His table manners were beyond reproach, except that he used a knife when a fork was indicated—not all the time but enough to make it interesting. He could handle any food with that knife except soup. Always, before he touched food, he bowed his head, crossed his hands on the table and said grace.

When confronted with a problem he could not solve, he consulted one of two sources and usually both—God and my grandfather. He liked to think out loud when he was puzzled, and in the barn the animals and I learned what was harassing him. The live things liked to be included in the conversation, I am sure, for when Henry spoke, they usually cocked an ear or raised a head to listen. The cats ambled after him about the house, and outside, it was the dogs.

Henry often told me of General Custer, who made our house his headquarters during one of the skirmishes before Gettysburg. Custer wore his golden hair to his shoulders. "He looked real fierce up thar on his hoss," Henry said, and told how lithe he was, and how he wore a dress uniform made of olive-gray velveteen and tinsel with gold braid.

Henry saw Jeb Stuart there, too, and said his dress outshone George Custer's, for he wore a gray cloak lined with red, a red flower in his lapel, and a plume in his hat.

"Doggone them soldiers!" Henry would say, recalling the times he buried the silver, especially on the morning of June 30, 1863, when

the red tide of war washed right over the doorsteps of Hanover. Battle was joined that morning, an affair of cavalry and artillery, and the fight flowed through the streets and much of it was hand to hand, with 11,000 men engaged.

Henry helped care for the wounded, he carried out the things to eat the womenfolk made for the hungry Blue soldiers, and he helped bury the dead of both sides. Then the fighting men moved on to Gettysburg and the stock came in from the hills and people scrubbed the pavements.

Henry saw whole families come and go, and he outlived all his sons and daughters and their children. He was the last of his line. Our family he considered his family, so he really wasn't alone at the end and we mourned for him deeply.

He saw the railroads come and the Conestoga wagons vanish from the turnpikes—saw new contraptions replace the old, and that saddened him, for his were old ways.

The years moved all too swiftly now. Henry's shoulders drooped like the tired old horse that was the last one in the barn and whose soft nose was now framed by gray hairs. One morning, Colonel couldn't get up, and when an old horse can't get up, it's a bad sign. Henry shuffled in and talked to him for a long while. What they talked about I can imagine.

Finally his own time came and Henry was ready, in fact eager, to go and join his own on the other side of Jordan. He just wore out slowly and, like a tired old soldier, faded away. Down in his cabin in the meadow where the wild flag grew and where he had lived all his life,

alone with his cats, he went out of this world. Alone in his sleep, in the dark of a night and, although I did not hear them, I feel sure the hounds must have known and pointed their muzzles at the moon and mourned, as they had so long ago.

We had a lot for him in the burying ground; and he is the oldest person there to this day. I filled out his papers and dated them July 13, 1915, and when the authorities questioned his birth date of 1809, there was nothing for them to do but accept the fact.

His grave clothes he had long ago got ready, so long ago that the black suit was tinged with greenish lights, so we dressed him in that and a starched white shirt. He lay in his black coffin and looked too natural for words. The calm and dignity that he possessed in life were here—and something more. His long white hair stood out about his face like a halo, and his up-thrust chin and fine chiseled nose gave him an added air of distinction.

The afternoon of the funeral was warm and sunny, and many people came, old ladies in sequined bonnets, doctors, lawyers, the banker and a lot of other old friends. The few remaining Negroes filed silently by the bier; and then the portals of the church opened and down the

aisle marched the Grand Army men of Major Jenkins Post, No. 99.

In 1915, there were still lots left and they weren't so old, although they had looked terribly old to me 20 years before. They had on those funny little pancake caps and wore blue, all of them; Henry had been cronies with them for years.

I went to the old burying ground the other day, and it was a place I had not seen for a long, long time. There was some difficulty in finding the grave site, for this green city on the hill had spread all over. It was day's end when I finally came upon the stone in the old section where the dark pines brood.

Afterward, I skirted the town with its shimmer of lights and went by a roundabout way to the meadow where the cabin stood. But everything was strange around that way and I couldn't find the meadow or the cabin.

I did, however, come upon a place that might have been the meadow, or one much like it, and sure enough the moon was rising. From somewhere off in the hills there was a sound long unheard, the baying of a hound, and his quavering cry was answered. I wonder do these hounds still know the old secrets—or were they just talking to the moon?

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### **Taxi!**

A TAXI DRIVER, whose fixed fare is 30 cents for the trip from the Mayflower Hotel in Washington to the Navy Department's front entrance, received just that amount from a prosperous-looking customer.

"That's correct, isn't it?" the man asked as the cabby stared at the three dimes.

"It's correct," answered the cabby, "but it ain't right." —*World Herald*

# Faith, Love and Peace

by W. O. GOODWIN

**A**N ARTIST who had painted many pictures of great beauty found that he had not yet painted "The One." In his search along a dusty road, he met an aged priest who asked where he was bound.

"I do not know," said the artist. "I want to paint the most beautiful thing in the world. Perhaps you can direct me to it."

"How simple," said the priest. "In any church or creed you will find it. *Faith* is the most beautiful thing in the world."

The artist traveled on. Later he asked a young bride if she knew what was the most beautiful thing in the world.

"*Love*," she replied. "Love builds poverty into riches; sweetens tears; makes much of little. Without it there is no beauty."

Still the artist continued his search. A weary soldier crossed his path, and when the artist asked him the same question, he answered: "*Peace* is the most beautiful thing in the world. War is the most ugly. Wherever you find peace you are sure to find beauty."

*Faith, Love and Peace.* "How can I paint them?" sadly thought the artist. Then he turned homeward, shaking his head.

As he entered his own doorway, he found the most beautiful thing in the world. In the eyes of his children was *faith*. *Love* shone in his wife's smile. And here in his home was the *Peace* the soldier spoke of.

So the artist painted the picture of "The Most Beautiful Thing In The World." And when he was finished, he called it "Home."

ILLUSTRATED BY J. GRAHAM KAYE





# STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

## LOURDES OF THE WEST

The scene of countless miracles, a shrine in Quebec is a Mecca for the devout

by ELIZABETH ALLAN

ON CHRISTMAS EVE, the few hundred parishioners of the little snowbound village of Beaufré on the St. Lawrence River will attend midnight Mass. There is nothing unusual about this: all over the world the devout will be flocking to worship on this holiest of nights. What will make the service in the Church at Beaufré unique is that the parishioners will be outnumbered many times to one by pilgrims from all parts of the U. S. and Canada, even from overseas.

They will fill the twin-towered church, which is bigger than all the surrounding buildings combined. They will fill the smaller near-by chapel, and the overflow will crowd the central square. Obviously, these people have not traveled many miles through a Northern winter to attend an ordinary Christmas service. They have, in fact, come in hopes of experiencing a miracle—or to give thanks for a miracle already performed in the village which has become "The Lourdes of the Western World."

They are, in the quaint literal English of Quebec, the "clients" of Ste. Anne, patron of Beaufré, who has been credited with more latter-

day miracles than any other saint. Within her church the most venerated object is a relic of the holy woman, a bone enshrined in gold and jewels. The threshold of Christmas Day is held to be a particularly propitious time to ask favors of Ste. Anne, since it is the birthday of her grandson, Jesus Christ.

At the service, priests and congregation will give thanks for "miraculous cures" confirmed during the year. For instance, for the miracle which delivered Philip Albers, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Albers of Cincinnati, from a malignant tumor.

Shortly after birth, Philip's parents noticed a growth on his right leg. X-ray examination disclosed a tumor which affected both bone and tissue. The family physician held out little hope for a cure.

The verdict plunged the family into grief. Some weeks later, during which the tumor became worse, the child's grandfather returned home greatly excited. "I've heard of wonderful cures performed at Beaufré in Canada," he told his daughter. "It would be worth trying . . ."

Desperate, Mrs. Albers decided to go. First, she started a novena.



On the last day of the novena, with the baby in her arms, she prayed before the shrine of Ste. Anne. The result is best told in the report issued in August by Dr. Lee McHenry of Cincinnati:

"I hereby certify that I have been the physician for the Albers family for the past 20 years, and although I was not present at the delivery of Philip, I know that, several days after the child's birth, there appeared a growth which received immediate medical attention.

"X rays were made at the Good Samaritan Hospital and a biopsy was done for pathology. These reports were very discouraging, for the diagnosis was made of a fibrosarcoma. Extensive X-ray therapy was started at once, but little hope was held for a recovery.

"I tried to assure the parents that everything known to medical science would be done for their baby, but I also told them that their only hope was to pray.

"A re-examination (after the Beaupré visit) revealed that both the tibia and fibula were showing normal development, and the pathologic changes were healed. While due credit must be given to the medical profession in recognizing this serious condition, and the ability to provide necessary treatment, I feel that the cure was miraculous, and that a Power greater than ours must have managed the work."

FOR 300 YEARS SUCH testimony, spread almost entirely by word of mouth, has been bringing pilgrims to the Church of Ste. Anne. In that time more than 20,000,000 persons have made the journey—on foot, on crutches; in wheel chairs, carried in

the arms of relatives; on horseback, by carriage, boat, train, automobile and, more recently, by plane. Last year, more than 1,000,000 worshippers prayed at the Shrine.

Although the church at Beaupré is a Roman Catholic shrine, more than one of every four visitors is a non-Catholic. Fully half the pilgrims are from the U. S. They come from crowded, worldly cities into a new world which most of them never knew existed.

The narrow Quebec highway, no more than a paved surface on old Indian trails, winds along the St. Lawrence, through farm hamlets where children who speak only French still play with sleds drawn by patient dogs.

At the brow of a hill the pilgrims suddenly catch a glimpse of the vast twin-towered basilica of Ste. Anne, largest sacred edifice in Canada, into which on many days 7,000 pilgrims crowd for prayer and supplication at one time—80,000 from dawn to sunset.

Opposite is a great granite hospital, where the critically ill "clients" lie, and even receive treatment from earthly doctors, while they await the Saint's answer to their prayers. On the hillside above are scattered the monastery, nunnery, seminary, college and other buildings of the Order of Redemptorists, guardians of the Shrine.

The rest of the buildings are those of any typical Quebec village: the small hotels, shops and frame houses of the French Canadian habitants.

To this remote place have come kings and barefoot paupers. King George V was a pilgrim, as was his son, the Duke of Windsor. Queen

Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV of France, worked with her own hands a mass vestment and sent it to Beaurpré in thanks for the birth of the Prince, after many childless years, following daily prayers to Ste. Anne.

It was of Beaurpré that Pope Leo XIII attested in an apostolic letter: "There stands an ancient and famous temple erected in honor of Ste. Anne, Mother of the Immaculate Virgin, Mother of God, whither with great devotion and piety numerous pilgrims come not only from the Diocese of Quebec but from all over Canada and the United States, and where they obtain numerous graces and striking miracles."

How many such "striking miracles" has Beaurpré actually witnessed in 300 years? There is no way of knowing. In early years, no exact records were kept, and the only "count" of cures was the pile of crutches and bandages abandoned before the statue of the Saint. These mute articles are still piled about the statue, but in recent years the Redemptorist Fathers have kept records based on strict requirements. No "cure" is listed as such until it has met the following official "rules for the discernment of miraculous cures":

"The sickness must be (a) serious or incurable, or so difficult to cure that the remedies applied or the treatment prescribed allow of hope for a cure only in the distant future; (b) organic, and not consisting merely of nervous trouble.

"The cure must be (a) sudden, unless the sickness is absolutely incurable, in which case even if the cure is not instantaneous it is clear

that the hand of God must be seen; (b) perfect—traces of the former sickness must have disappeared."

The Redemptorists keep records of cures attested by friends, relatives and pastors, but they list as "first-class cures" only those which are confirmed by medical testimony. As many as 100 of these are listed annually.

From his files, Father Eugene Lefebvre, keeper of the Shrine's records, selects such a case:

When a large swelling formed on her left side, after five years of pains in the back, Miss Helen King of Wallingford, Connecticut, went to a doctor who diagnosed hydronephrosis, a serious kidney disease, and advised an immediate operation. Prayers to Ste. Anne, and a visit to the Shrine at Beaurpré, resulted in an instantaneous cure. Two months later Miss King's physician, Dr. F. E. Foley, made the following attestation:

"The case history, a radiological examination and a special cystoscopy revealed conclusively that the patient had a hydronephrosis of considerable volume. Since a visit to the Shrine, all symptoms have disappeared. Moreover, the physical signs of the affliction have disappeared. An operation is no longer necessary."

Miss King's cure occurred in 1930. This year, 19 years later, her mother wrote to Father Lefebvre: "I can state that my daughter never again suffered from any of the pains that accompanied this sickness."

Skeptics may regard "miraculous cures" as the result of hysteria or mental suggestion. But a remarkable aspect of the accepted Beaurpré cures, Father Lefebvre maintains,

is the number of young children, even infants, involved. He points out that youngsters like Philip Albers are unlikely to be affected by the complicated mental processes of hysteria or self-hypnosis.

Among "first-class cures" recently accepted as authentic by Father Lefebvre and his associates are cases of blindness, poisoning, tuberculosis, infantile paralysis, erysipelas, epilepsy, typhoid fever, varicose veins, meningitis, deafness, peritonitis and nephritis.

TO THE PILGRIM coming to Beaupré for the first time, witnessing a miraculous cure is an awe-inspiring experience. But to natives of the region, although they never fail to breathe a prayer of thanks to Ste. Anne when each new cure is revealed, miracles have become an accepted part of life. After all, their forefathers before them, for ten generations, were reared in the tradition. In fact, the shrine itself was founded on a miracle.

In 1650 a shipload of Breton sailors was sailing up the St. Lawrence River when a severe storm arose. The boat was driven towards shore, and the sailors faced death. In their extremity, they prayed to Ste. Anne, patron saint of sailors and of their native Brittany. If they were saved, the sailors promised, they would build a chapel wherever their boat landed.

At dawn the boat grounded gently on a beach. The grateful seamen immediately built a rough chapel on the narrow strip of ground between the water and a protecting hill. During the building, a cripple named Louis Guimond could not help with the work, but insisted on

making a gesture of gratitude towards Ste. Anne.

Laboriously and painfully, he carried three small stones to add to the foundation. No sooner had Guimond set the stones in place than he stood up. His pain and weakness had vanished. Ste. Anne had performed her first "miraculous cure" in the New World.

The pilgrimages started almost as soon as the church was built. The first recorded visitors from afar were a tribe of converted Huron Indians from upriver. By 1700, more than 2,000 persons were visiting Beaupré annually. From time to time the original church had to be enlarged or even rebuilt entirely; year by year the pile of discarded crutches grew.

Strangely enough, the miracles of Ste. Anne are far better known than are facts concerning the Saint herself. Although Anne was Christ's grandmother, her name is not mentioned in the Bible. She is believed to have been 56 years old when she died in the arms of her only child, the Virgin Mary.

She was buried first in the ancestral tomb at Bethlehem, but later the remains were placed in a church at Apt, France. There, hidden in an underground grotto to prevent profanation by invading barbarians, they were forgotten for 700 years.

In the eighth century, the church was reconsecrated in the presence of Emperor Charlemagne, and on that occasion came to pass the first miraculous cure attributed to Ste. Anne. In the archives of Beaupré it is described thus:

"During the celebration a young man, blind, deaf and dumb from

birth, son of Baron de Cazeneuve, seemed by expressive gestures of hands and feet to ask that the earth be dug up under the step on which he stood. Charlemagne, struck as was the whole assembly by this sight, ordered the youth's wish complied with.

"They began to excavate, and found an underground chapel. The young Cazeneuve enters it, and indicates the portion of a wall at the foot of which they must dig still deeper. Hardly have they opened that deeper crypt than rays of light surround them. To their surprise they find a lighted lamp before a recess cut in the inner wall. The Emperor and other dignitaries hasten thither.

"All at once the youth, receiving by a miracle the use of eyes, ears,

and tongue, cries out: 'In this crypt is the body of Ste. Anne, Mother of the Blessed Virgin Mary!'

"By the Emperor's command, the recess was opened. In it were the holy relics of Ste. Anne, enshrined in a wooden case and wrapped in a veil on which was written in Latin: 'Here is the body of Saint Anne, Mother of the Virgin Mary.'"

Pope Leo XIII, in recognizing the "striking miracles" of Beaupré, presented the Shrine with part of Anne's remains. Now they rest in the basilica beside the statue of the Saint. Here, before the symbol and the substance of Ste. Anne, the multitudes of pilgrims will pray this Christmas Eve to the holy woman whom they have made, by their outpouring of faith, the particular saint of the Western World.



### And That Was That

A HARASSED MOTHER with five children kept asking the conductor for assistance in caring for her brood. Near the end of the long journey the tired conductor became exasperated when the woman asked him to hold the youngest, who was wailing lustily, while she took care of the needs of another.

"Lady," the conductor exclaimed, "I should think that when you travel you would leave half of your children at home."

The woman looked at him defiantly and said: "That's just what I did."

—United Mine Workers' Journal

A YOUNG GIRL had been entertaining her beau until the late hours. There was a knock at the door and her father entered.

"What is it, daddy?" she asked.

Her father held out an umbrella. "Give this to Charlie," he said quietly. "We might have some showers before morning." —ASHER BURG

"CAN A MAN make a fool of himself without knowing it?" asked the speaker rhetorically.

"Not if he has a wife," came a voice from the rear. —BETTY MUELLER









Guest editor for this quiz is Dr. I. Q., "mental banker" of radio's popular quiz show (NBC, Fri. 10:00-10:30 p.m. EST). Lew Valentine, who created the role, has selected the following stumpers for CORONET quiz fans. Count seven for each answer: 84 rates you excellent; below 56 is only a fair score. The answers are on page 166.

#### *Disguised Proverbs*

1. Feathered tribes of one quill mobilize in a body.
2. There are numerous blunders amid saucer-like vessels and the oral orifice.
3. Persons lacking judgment storm places where celestial beings lack the courage to set foot.
4. Below the epidermis, one is not likely to find pulchritude.
5. The individual who pilfers my mazuma container has illegally possessed himself of worthless impedimenta.
6. It is not possible to inculcate a senile canine in the art of novel legerdemain.
7. An overabundance of culinary experts results in the depreciation of the hot liquid dish.

#### *Tricksters*

1. Which kind of kangaroos do not have pouches for their young?
2. How many capital letters can be written upside down?
3. If you owned a gross of pennies, you would have 144 cents. If you had a gross of dimes, how many dimes would you have?
4. Hat, helmet and hood are coverings for the head. Name another starting with the letter "H".
5. In a century, on what date are the least number of people born?
6. Jimmy Durante gets lots of laughs because of jokes about his nose. What famous "lady" has a nose that is more than four feet long?
7. In what job do you have to start at the top and work to the bottom in order to succeed?



## FOOTBALL'S FINEST HOUR

by EDITH ROBERTS

Here is the poignant story behind the story of the fiercely fought East-West Game

ON THE AFTERNOON of New Year's Day, two tense football teams will line up for the opening kickoff in Kezar Stadium, San Francisco. The fans—more than 60,000 spectators and uncounted thousands of radio listeners—will know that they are about to see or hear the toughest, fiercest game of the season. They will know this because not once in the past 25 years has it been otherwise.

Harvey J. Harman, head football coach at Rutgers University, saw the game for the first time last season. He was astounded by the ferocious blocking and tackling. "I've never seen anything like it," he said. "How come? I don't understand it."

Harman knew that such zeal is

remarkable because the players, 48 college seniors from all parts of the country, are playing together for the first and only time. As a charity exhibition, it is the kind of game to which players are not accustomed to "give" with all their spirit and energy. Yet, they will fall savagely upon each other and claw and fight for every yard, right up to the final gun.

This terrific battle is the annual New Year's Day Shrine game between collegiate all-stars of the West and East. Profits are donated to the Shriners' Hospital for Crippled Children in San Francisco.

So far, the hospital has received more than \$1,250,000 from East-West games. It has treated thousands of children of all races and



creeds, the only condition for admittance being inability to pay for private treatment. The other 15 such hospitals in the U.S., Canada, and Hawaii also have benefited from the games.

All this is highly laudable. But it doesn't answer Coach Harman's question. It doesn't explain why 48 young men, who have sacrificed Christmas vacations at home, should play as though winning were a matter of life and death. The secret lies in the story behind the story—as poignant a drama as ever motivated a sports contest . . .

One morning a few days before the game, players and coaches are driven to a long, low building at 19th Avenue and Moraga Street in San Francisco. On the way out, and even as they enter the hospital, they are full of the boisterous spirits natural to young men at the peak of physical fitness. In the foyer they are divided into two groups. The West team moves to the left, the

East to the right, leading to the boys' and girls' wards, respectively.

Suddenly, these 48 spirited young men are brought up short. And right there, in that moment of shock and pity, is sown the seed of the year's hardest football game.

At first, the visitors are only aware of a crazy confusion of splints, traction pulleys, braces, chalk-white casts, wheel chairs, special beds and crutches, among which appear a score or more of young, awed, and *smiling* faces. The athletes try not to notice the twisted back or the grotesque arms on the two little fellows nearest at hand.

Then, suddenly, someone takes charge of the awkward situation. It isn't the nurses or the visitors, but the children themselves!

"Hi, Larry!" says the boy with the twisted back. Grinning shyly, he holds up a tiny football player made from pipe cleaners and leather, painted gold and black.

One of the players, recognizing

his name, spins around. "Why, those are Purdue's colors," he says dazedly. "My school."

He steps to the bedside and accepts the little figure almost as shyly as it is presented. "Thanks," he mutters, swallowing hard. And thus it begins. The rest of the players now spread through the ward in search of their "sponsors."

Soon, the end from Minnesota is taking his mascot and a Christmas card from a smiling Negro boy, half of whose body is concealed in a monstrous cast. Across the aisle, the quarterback from Cornell is trying to act casual as he shakes the *foot* of a red-haired lad whose hands and arms are in splints.

Each of the crippled children is prepared for this gala occasion with an autograph book. In return for his prized signature, each player collects a mascot, a Christmas card and a smile. Always a smile—for this is The Day for the children. For the players, it is an awakening.

A few years ago, Johnny Lujak, Notre Dame's star quarterback, was one of the East team visiting the hospital. Photographers and reporters stalled him at the door. Suddenly, a voice cried: "Where's my Johnny?" The famous player whirled about and saw struggling towards him a little girl whose painfully thin legs were shackled in braces. "Johnny," she said, and there were tears in her eyes, "you're supposed to have tea with me."

Lujak promptly forgot the press. He put out his big hand and let himself be led slowly in to a tiny table laid with a clean cloth, doll cups and saucers.

"So sorry to be late," he apologized like any proper guest.

The little girl forgave him gravely, then smiled and poured cambric tea. When the time came for the players to leave, Lujak was last to go. He was in the finest huddle of his career at the little table, trading secrets with his new friend.

William M. Coffman, managing director of the East-West game, says some players manage to laugh and joke with the children, but others are so moved that they have to leave temporarily. He has followed them out of the wards, only to find them sitting on the steps of the hospital, faces buried in hands. After a while, they return to the wards and smile at the children.

Last year, Joe Sullivan of Dartmouth found his school colors with a black-haired, bedridden girl who was being treated for deformity of the knees. "Hello," she said to him. "I knew you were coming."

"Hello, Princess," said Joe. He signed her autograph book, accepted the football doll and card.

"Wait," she said, "here's something special." From under her pillow she drew a keycase she had made, and handed it to Sullivan. That did it, as far as Sullivan was concerned. When the fullback left, he promised the little cripple that he would write to her.

Every day he sent a note telling how the team was coming along. In the last note before the game he wrote: "Don't be surprised if I intercept two passes for you."

Next day, the helpless "Princess" was wheeled to the television set and, on the flickering screen, saw Joe keep his word. He intercepted two passes, and turned in one of the finest games of his career.

There is an epilogue. Before Sul-

livan's visit, the child was moody and morose, her improvement discouragingly slow. Then she picked up remarkably. After a few weeks, during which she continued to receive letters from Joe, she returned home, walking.

Over the 25-year history of the Shriner game, that story has been repeated scores of times with different versions, different names. But the effect is the same. The players help the children, not only financially but psychologically, while the children awaken the players to a deep sense of reality.

There is a 245-pound guard now in professional football who recalls the fury with which he played in the East-West game. When he went to the hospital, they took him to the therapeutic pool where crippled victims make their first attempts at recovery. In the water was an eight-year-old boy who, with the encouragement of a therapist, was doing something he had never done before: walking.

Supported by rails, the lad struggled through the warm water. Then he glanced up at the big football

player. "Look, mister," he cried in triumph, "pretty soon I can walk just like you!"

The player has never forgotten those words. "It made me feel I was doing something," he said. "All the other games I played seem unimportant. Except that one. I never tried so hard in my life."

Scores of crippled boys have been cured in the Shrine hospitals and have played football and other sports in high schools and colleges throughout the country. Up to now, no ex-patient has participated in the New Year's game, but it is only a matter of time. When that young man, a former cripple, finally runs out on the turf of the Kezar gridiron in the brilliant uniform of East or West, a noble cycle will be fittingly completed.

This year, like all the others, the game will be a great show. No matter which side wins, it is certain that every player will be going "all out." He will have been to the hospital and learned for himself the meaning of the game's slogan:

"Strong Legs Run That Weak Legs May Walk."



### Special Assignment

WALTER WINCHELL's favorite newspaperman-Christmas story is the one about the city editor on a New York paper who assigned a reporter to cover the Bowery on Christmas Day "for human interest."

"Find out," he instructed the reporter, "what those poor devils down there are getting to eat.

Then pop over to the tenement district and see what the really poor people are having for their Christmas feast, if anything. Then go over to the Municipal Lodging Houses near the Battery and talk to the unfortunates standing in line for their annual handout. And, oh, yes. On your way back—bring me a hot dog." —IRVING HOFFMAN



## NEW HAVEN LEARNS TO CONQUER FIRE

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

**Its amazing new equipment and techniques are a match for the toughest conflagrations**

**A**LARM BELLS jangle in a New Haven, Connecticut, firehouse. The call is from Box 328, down near the water front. Two engine companies, a ladder truck and a battalion chief roll to the location to find a building belching smoke.

A deputy chief is already on the scene and the battalion chief reports to him for orders. "No orders," says the deputy briefly. "It's your fire! You handle it!"

To the gathering crowd, the smoke coming from the attic plain-

ly indicates the origin of the blaze. But the battalion chief doesn't seem to agree. "Get your first line in on the main floor and cut it off," he barks. "Take that second line down into the cellar—fast! Cap, get your men up on the roof to open up over the stair well!"

Searing smoke envelops the men as the cellar doors swing open, but behind an umbrella of gushing spray—quite unlike the typical fire stream—they disappear down the steps into the murk. Within 60



seconds the smoke pouring from the attic changes from thick gray to white, then markedly lessens in volume.

"Gosh," exclaims a knowing bystander, "they've got it already. And it was in the basement, not the attic!"

The deputy chief knew this all along because he had set the fire himself. Not that he is a pyromaniac: he is Thomas Collins, drillmaster of the New Haven Fire Department. And the new drill yard was the scene of the conflagration, one of a variety of such outbreaks which each fire company and battalion chief has to cope with every 28 days.

The reason Collins was so noncooperative with his subordinate was that he wanted to see just how the officer and his men would perform under actual conditions.

This is the "new look" which New Haven has added to the training of municipal firemen: realistic workouts on ripsnorting blazes that make the flesh on your face crawl at 50 feet.

Typical of these test fires is the one simulating a blazing tank car. Set up in a pit 40 feet long and knee-deep in fuel oil primed with gasoline, this tank has a perforated pipe running around the top through which oil pours as from a break suffered in a collision.

When it really gets going, flames leap 60 feet in the air. Yet within 30 seconds after the drillmaster gives the signal to open up the fog nozzles, two hose crews with 1½-inch lines will have blacked out the inferno. And although several hundred gallons of oil have burned in the interim, extinguishment is ac-

complished with only 50 to 60 gallons of water.

Thanks to its Chief of Department, Paul P. Heinz, New Haven was the first city in the country to embark on this realistic type of training program. Early in the war, the chief visited the first of the now-famous Navy Fire Fighters' schools, located in the Boston Navy Yard. Organized by Comdr. Harold Burke, former chief of the New York Fire Department, these intensive training courses for damage-control men changed the whole complexion of naval warfare in the Pacific.

Chief Heinz returned from Boston determined to adapt the idea to his department on an even broader scale. So he wangled a piece of vacant land from the city fathers and, using salvaged materials plus the labor of his own men—mostly on their off time—gradually built up the most remarkable drill yard in the country.

One of the first devices constructed was "the smoke house," a one-story cinder-block building for practice in the use of breathing apparatus such as gas masks. A junked airplane was procured for use in simulated crash fires. Huge concrete pits were installed for training on inflammable liquids and tricky chemicals which call for different extinguishing techniques.

A six-story drill tower was erected, its top floor an 18-foot-square oil pit. When this latter is touched off, the men get genuine workouts in ladder, standpipe and fire-escape techniques on a going blaze at a 60-foot elevation typical of a loft fire.

The two-and-a-half-story build-

ing already mentioned is a proving ground for dozens of things. From oil pits in the basement, withering heat and smoke can be turned into any or every room via a series of ducts; Class A fires (such as occur in house furnishings) can be built on any of the concrete floors. All stairways, incidentally, are narrow, steep and winding, just to keep conditions realistic. Second-floor windows include various steel-sash and casement types which present grave problems to firemen in rescues.

Thus the drillmaster may say to a company officer rolling in: "There's a guy knocked out behind that metal fire shutter—how fast can you get him out with the stairs gone?" This calls for some expert work with the acetylene torch.

One of the most fundamental things learned in this model dwelling is the use of modern "water fog." One test is to let a fire build up a temperature of about 250 degrees, then order the men in with a standard straight-stream line. Even the toughest take a beating.

After that the temperature is boosted to 500 degrees or more and they are ordered in with fog nozzles on smaller lines. Horrible as the prospect seems after the first dose, they quickly discover that it is comparatively easy: the fog cuts down the punishing heat as if a curtain were between them and the fire.

Not long ago, graduates of the course waded into a blazing three-story frame dwelling so far gone that flames were coming out of every window. That lusty fire was blacked out and washed down with fog in a trifle more than *three minutes*, with two streams delivering only 200 gallons of water apiece.

The New Haven training inspires confidence in equipment and techniques, which makes for better fire fighting; leads to the development of new equipment and methods; and, for the men themselves, crowds months of experience into hours.

Shortly after the entire personnel of the New Haven Department had completed its first intensive drill course, a terrific fire broke out in the railroad cut running through the heart of the mercantile district. A train wreck derailed a tank car containing 10,000 gallons of gasoline, and knocked down an 11,000-volt power line whose spitting wires fell into the flood of fuel.

The intense heat had twisted rails like spaghetti for hundreds of feet. Yet Chief Heinz and his men had the inferno under control in 15 minutes—and out cold in 40.

Chief Heinz has become a pioneer in many angles of firemanship. He was one of the first city chiefs to use the new "water wetters," chemicals which increase the penetrating power of water almost threefold, thus reducing the volume needed in fighting many types of fires; and among the first to put fog foam to work on gasoline outbreaks. Today, New Haven puts out 98 per cent of its fires with fog, with an estimated 50 per cent reduction in water damage.

One of Chief Heinz's pet pieces of apparatus is "Mr. Loud Mouth," a voice amplifier so powerful that over it a whisper can be heard nearly a mile away. Boston beat New Haven to the "first" on this, yet Heinz can at least claim a ribbon for an ingenious use of it.

A two-bagger (a two-alarm fire) started in a New Haven hotel. The

blaze, in a subbasement, flooded a number of firemen and filled the lobby with acrid smoke. When the Chief rolled up, guests were already finding their way down fire escapes in the darkness.

Grabbing the microphone attached to "Mr. Loud Mouth," he announced in a calm, conversational voice: "This is the Fire Department. We have a fire in the basement but our men are taking care of it. There is no need for concern. Go back to your rooms, close your doors and transoms, and wait for further instructions. There is no reason to get excited."

People paused, listened and obeyed, possibly averting a disastrous panic.

"We were all badly frightened," a woman with a small child said later. "We had groped down two flights of the rear fire escape when

suddenly this voice, seemingly at my elbow, began to speak. I looked all around but couldn't see anybody or tell where the voice came from. But it had a comforting authority, so we just turned around and went back to our rooms."

Chief Heinz hopes that, eventually, elaborate drill yards, where men receive periodic workouts on fires that crinkle their ears, will be part of the equipment of every major department in the country. Several times a year he demonstrates New Haven's project to gatherings of 500 to 1,000 visiting fire chiefs, inspectors and others associated with fire fighting, invariably winding up with:

"If we can do this, you can, too. All you need is the realization that shadow boxing is a poor way to train for a fight. And that realization is years overdue in fire circles!"



## Capital Nonsense

**B**OURKE B. HICKENLOOPER, Senator from Iowa, was once visited in Washington by a friend, who was accompanied by his elderly mother. The little lady was introduced to Senator Hickenlooper and she acknowledged the introduction with a smile but said nothing.

Later, her son's attention was distracted for awhile, and she whispered to the Senator: "I wonder if you would give me one of your cards. You see, I'm slightly deaf and I didn't quite catch your name."

She smiled. "My son doesn't speak very clearly," she explained, "and I keep thinking he's calling you Hickenlooper." —MRS. E. McMAHON

**T**HE LATE Chief Justice Harlan Fiske Stone was a man of simple tastes. Shortly after the new Supreme Court building was erected in Washington, he was looking at it with a friend.

Stone observed the impressive exterior and the palatial interior.

"What do you think of it?" asked the friend.

"From now on," replied Stone, "I guess I will have to ride to work on an elephant." —E. E. EDGAR

# Our Friendly Enemy, The Cat



An independent creature, he refuses to be bossed, but he can be a lot of fun

by MARGARET COOPER GAY

**N**OBODY KNOWS how many cats there are in the United States. Various organizations and individuals have estimated 15 million, 50 million, 150 million—which only proves that there are a lot of cats.

Certainly for every dog that has a home, at least three cats share food and fireside, which gives us about 50 million to begin with, not counting the additional millions that earn their living on docks and piers and ships, in public buildings, offices and warehouses, in shops and factories and barns.

Cats are charming companions, good friends and a lot of fun, which should be reason enough for living with them. But some people need solidier reasons. One man I know says his friends own dogs to flatter their egos, and that he lives with cats to keep his ego humble. Another finds cats aloof, incomprehensible and therefore fascinating; he firmly believes they hold the key to occult mysteries. I also know a woman who lives with cats

because "they're such innocent little dears." And so it goes.

Artists and writers, creative people of all sorts, like cats. This, I think, is because such people must be free or perish, and cats feel the same way. Swinburne, Hugo, Baudelaire, Rostand and Mark Twain were among the literary cat-lovers of other days. In our own time, Louis Untermeyer, Carl Van Vechten and Elmer Davis are outspoken friends of cats.

Tyrants hate cats. Alexander the Great, Caesar, Genghis Khan, Napoleon and Mussolini head the list, which includes any bully you can think of. A bully simply can't endure living with anything he can't boss, and nobody can boss a cat.

The fact that cats can live with us or leave us is grist for the mills of the cat-haters, who shout that cats are unfaithful and unloving. Some cats are, and so are some people. Other cats shame us by their devotion. One thing is certain: we can be sure our cats live with

us because they love us. Otherwise, they would leave.

There is a cat for anyone sensible, tolerant and kind enough to live with a cat successfully. There are stodgy cats for stodgy people, businesslike cats for practical people, beautiful cats for artistic souls. There are wise cats, stupid cats, feline rascals and feline geniuses to fit the proper people.

Cat-finding is an adventurous game with few rules. You don't "find" a cat that's walking down the street minding its own business; if it isn't somebody's cat, it doesn't want to be. And you don't "find" the butcher's or grocer's cat. Only kittens or cats in distress should be "found."

Not long ago a homeless little cat was found in the New York subway, having kittens beside the roaring trains. A woman I know found a kitten on Fifth Avenue; and I found a kitten on the steps of the Museum of Natural History.

However, you never can tell who will give you a cat. One family I know came home one night to find a policeman on their doorstep. After the first anxious flutter, they saw he was holding a grubby kitten. He had fed it some milk, he explained, but this was a cold night. Small cat; seemed a shame for it not to have a home . . . They've still got it.

Children *will* bring cats in, but for some strange reason, children's cats are all limp, all dirty, all hungry and all gentle. Children take their cats seriously. The fact that Junior has "a hundred-dollar dog" in no way affects his devotion to the bedraggled cat that took up with him in some alley. That cat is

his own personal discovery, and no animal you can buy will ever be quite so close to his heart.

Don't pretend that it's all right for Junior to keep his cat, and then, the moment his back is turned, phone the Humane Society. If you're smart, you will help Junior clean up his cat, and teach him to feed and brush it. In a few months, the animal will probably be handsome and pleasant and useful.

In the home, exhibitionist cats are hard to manage. They don't bother anybody until company comes, and then, like undisciplined children, they show off. If there's a cat-hater among the guests, so much the better.

My three cats must lie awake nights, dreaming up ways to confirm cat-haters in their bigotry. They jump on tables, steal food, twine around my legs and trip me, miaow, whine and spat with each other. Worst of all, they make violent love to the cat-haters.

CATS DON'T CATCH nearly as many birds as people think. A healthy bird is no pushover for any cat; after all, cats can't fly, and they are not especially brilliant tree-climbers. One squirrel destroys more birds' eggs and baby birds in a year than a score of cats. The birds that cats catch are mainly sick birds or birds beaten down by storms.

If a cat does catch a bird, don't get too excited. Consider that we, who *could* live on vegetables, breed birds so that we may eat them. Also, we hunt little birds. This is called sport, but I see nothing sporting in a man with dog and gun stalking a barnyard-reared pheasant.

Cats even abide by the Golden

Rule somewhat better than we do. The cats that have adopted other cats' kittens, as well as puppies, squirrels, rabbits and even rats, are past counting. In fact, the ability of cats to get along with other animals continued to surprise me for a long time.

I used to know a parrot and a cat that lived together and were great friends. When the parrot in an exuberant moment chewed through a lamp cord and almost electrocuted itself, the cat pulled the parrot away and began licking its back, which was exactly the right thing to do, though of course the cat couldn't have known that.

Even swarms of cats can abide by the Golden Rule. I can't imagine a tougher cross section of cat population than the free-lance cats of New York's Greenwich Village. Yet they behaved with tolerance and circumspection when the cat-meat man came around.

During the late '20s, the cat-meat man started out early every evening with a pail in each hand. He went from speak-easy to speak-easy, collecting scraps, routing his

course so as to arrive at Charles Street and Seventh Avenue when the pails were full.

The cats got there before he did. They came from everywhere, frisking, limping, doddering and dragging—bulging mamma cats, mewling kittens and battle-scarred toms, some 50 or 75 of them every night. They sat side by side on stoops, on the street—alert, silent, waiting.

When the cat-meat man came into view, their ears and whiskers twitched, but otherwise they didn't move. He went down the line, doling out a chicken wing here, a steak scrap there. The hungry animals waited their turn, quivering with eagerness, and each cat accepted its portion without complaint or comparison, and ate, and went away until the next night.

I watched the cat-meat man feed them dozens of times, and never saw a fight or any jostling. I never saw one starved cat try to steal from another. But I've often wondered whether a crowd of humans as hungry as those cats would have been quite so polite, thoughtful and gentlemanly.



## Signs of Significance

Over the letter slot in a post office: "Have you mailed your wife's letter?" —BERTHA SULMAN

In a jeweler's window: "Diamond Necklaces, \$35,000—3 for \$100,000." —HY GARDNER in *Parade*

Over the complaint manager's desk in a department store: "Ladies, give me a sporting chance. Talk first—then shoot."

—WALTER H. SCHMIDT





A MOTORIST and his wife hadn't spoken for miles. They'd got into a quarrel and neither would budge. Suddenly, the man pointed at a mule in a pasture they were passing. "Relative of yours?" he asked.

"Yes," the wife replied, "—by marriage."

—HAROLD HELFER

A WOMAN RECOMMENDED a physician to a girl friend who did not feel up to par. "But is he good?" inquired the friend.

"Is he good?" was the woman's reply. "Would I have been going to him twice a week for 20 years if he wasn't?"

—PAUL STEINER

ONE WINDY DAY recently, a man in Hagerstown, Maryland, climbed to the roof of his house to fix his aerial. No sooner was he astride the ridgepole than a particularly lusty gust of wind blew down his ladder.

In desperation, he began shouting and waving at passers-by. They all waved back in friendly fashion—and kept on going.

Some hours later his wife re-

turned from shopping, replaced the ladder, and the shamefaced man climbed down from the roof!

—JOAN WALLACE

THE TRAVELER was relating some of his adventures. "On one occasion," he said, "I was on a ranch in Argentina, and quite unarmed, when to my horror a wild steer charged me. There was a tree about 30 yards away. I dashed towards it, and jumped for the lowest branch, about 15 feet from the ground."

"And did you reach it?" asked a listener as the storyteller paused for breath.

"I missed it going up," he said, "but I caught it coming down."

—Grit

THE AMERICAN INDIANS have been towards of the United States Government for so long that it is not surprising that some of the older ones look on it as omnipotent.

This was strongly brought out when, during the time I resided on a western Indian reservation, I attended services at a mission church.

Next to me, one particular day, sat a little old Indian lady whom I know slightly. During the sermon, which was a particularly caustic hell-fire, eternal-punishment tirade, I noticed her shaking her head negatively and firmly.

As she walked away from the church after the benediction, I joined her and asked if she minded telling me why she had so obviously disagreed with the sermon.

"I don't believe we Indians need to worry much about any such terrible punishment," she observed.

"Why not?" I asked interestedly.

"Because," she answered, serene

and confident, "the Government wouldn't allow it."

—BLANCHE SCHROER

**A**N ELDERLY IMMIGRANT stood before the judge to be examined as to whether his application for naturalization should be granted.

"When did you arrive in this country?" the magistrate asked kindly. The old man was visibly nervous. He had come to court well prepared but in his excitement he replied: "In 1490, Your Honor."

"Well, well," said the judge encouragingly, "if you'd just waited two years you could have come with Columbus."

—SALLY CICARELLI

**T**HE FLORIDA BEACH and blue sea looked inviting to the tourist from the North, but before venturing into the water he wanted to be sure it was safe. "Are there any alligators here?" he inquired of a native Floridian.

"Oh, no," replied the native. "There are no alligators here."

Reassured, the tourist went into the water. After swimming out a distance, he called back:

"Are you sure there aren't any alligators here?"

"Of course, I'm sure," shouted the Floridian. "They never come around here. They're afraid of the sharks."

—EVAN ESAR

**A**T A CHURCH supper not long ago several young mothers were discussing who should give the baby its bottle in the wee hours. Most agreed that the husband should share in this nightly chore.

Finally one turned to an elderly woman who had been listening attentively, and asked, "What kind of arrangement did you work out with

your husband when your children were small?"

The woman thought for a moment, then answered, "My husband never got up to feed the children. You see, young lady, we didn't have bottles then." —STANLEY J. MEYER

**A** LITTLE GIRL HAD just received a new ring for her birthday. On that same evening, her mother had company. During the course of the evening—and much to the three-year-old's dismay—no one noticed her ring. Growing quite exasperated with waiting for attention, she squirmed and fidgeted. Then, just as a lull set in, the little child loudly exclaimed,

"My goodness it's hot in here. I think I'll take off my ring."

—N. Y. Daily News

**"Y**OUR TROUT WILL be here any moment," said the waiter to a meek-looking man who had been waiting for his main dish for almost half an hour. "Is there anything else, sir, I could do for you while you are waiting?"

"Yes," said the patron, suddenly showing signs of animation. "Tell me, what bait are you using?"

—GUS SHAWNEE

*Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.*

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# OLD MAN BLIZZARD

A SNOWFALL can be pretty as a picture post card. But when it comes without warning, blotting the sky, smothering the earth, spitting havoc and death, then Old Man Blizzard is abroad again.



Normally, a great metropolis runs like a well-oiled machine. Yet one inch of innocent-looking snow slows it down, six inches clog it hopelessly, while a foot brings it grinding to a helpless halt.





Usually, snow catches you unprepared, as a predicted storm turns into a raging giant. Weather reports may shrug it off as "heavy fall." But when it hits you cold and hard in the face . . .



... when you are plastered white from head to foot, when drifts engulf your knees and the wind wraps an icy collar around your neck, then you know it is an old-fashioned blizzard, and no mistake.



Old Man Blizzard is one celebrity who gets blanket publicity. He literally takes a city by storm, and before the day is over, every man, woman and child will be talking about him—and little else.



Busses and trolleys suffer early breakdowns. Under the onslaught of the snow, the city slows to a crawl. Some citizens are able to trudge home; others swamp hotels and overflow railroad terminals.



Along superhighways, cars flounder in frozen quicksands. Relentlessly, the white invader sweeps across huge areas, crippling and immobilizing—threatening disaster to every obstacle in its path.



Yet, even a winter's storm in its most cruel and ferocious stages cannot stay the postman from the swift completion of his appointed rounds . . .



As the blitz intensifies, horizons vanish, and ground and sky fuse in an endless curtain of white. For the youngsters, it means exciting hours of sledding and skiing. For adults, it can spell danger . . .



. . . Literally, the sky has fallen. A crushing 99,000,000 tons of snow fell on New York City alone on December 26, 1947. It took 38,000 workers and \$6,000,000 to get the Big Town running again.



How is a blizzard born? Masses of Arctic air may pour down into the storm bowl of the Western plains. Whipped by winds, icy fronts writhe across the prairies, and a snow giant appears . . .



... Gathering titanic strength, it hurtles eastward. Trains become toys, houses vanish, cars are swallowed up. Within a few brief hours, hundreds of towns lie still and paralyzed.





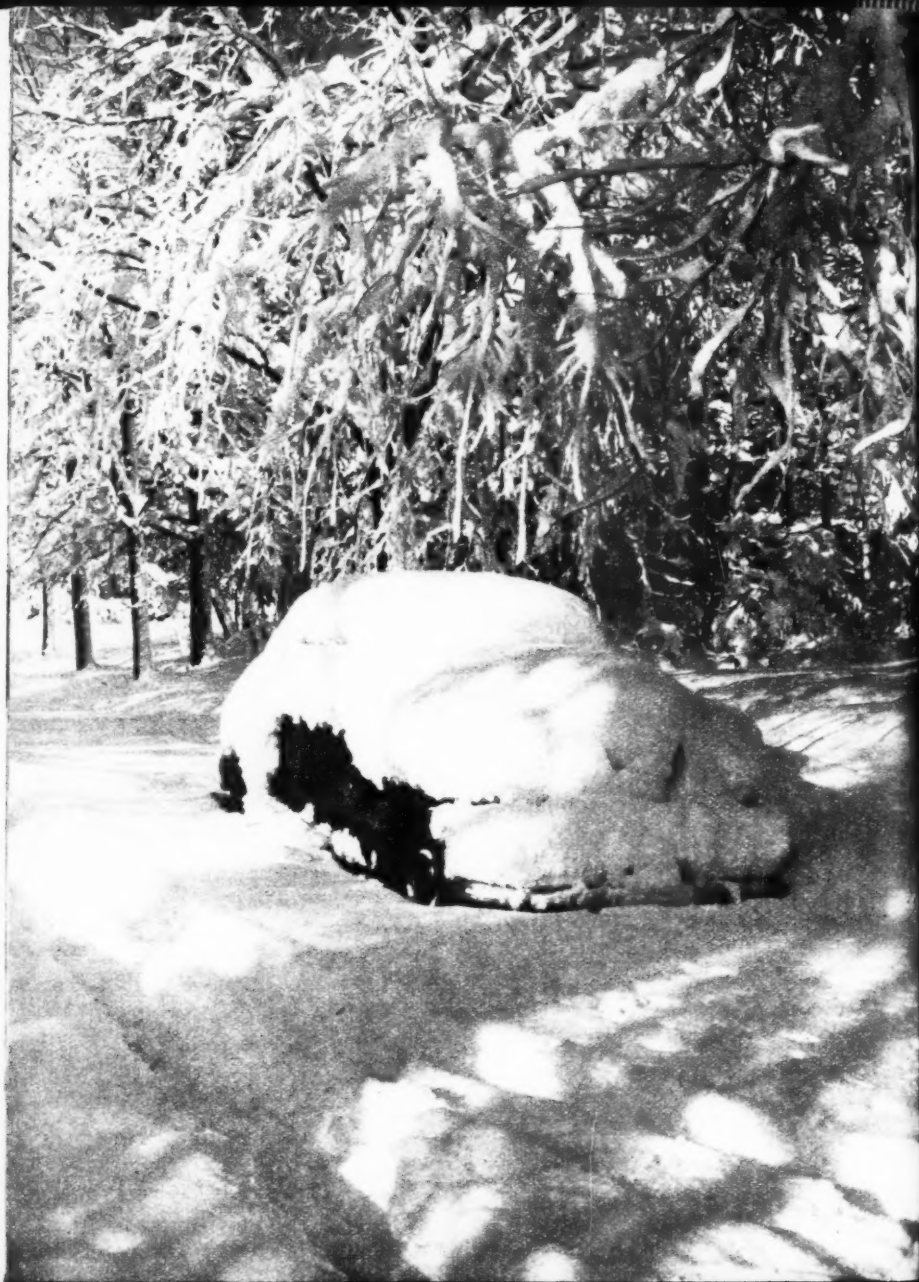
Battering onward, the tidal wave of snow blows itself out on coastal cities and sweeps futilely to sea. In its wake lie death and destruction. Next time, however, one single state may be the target.



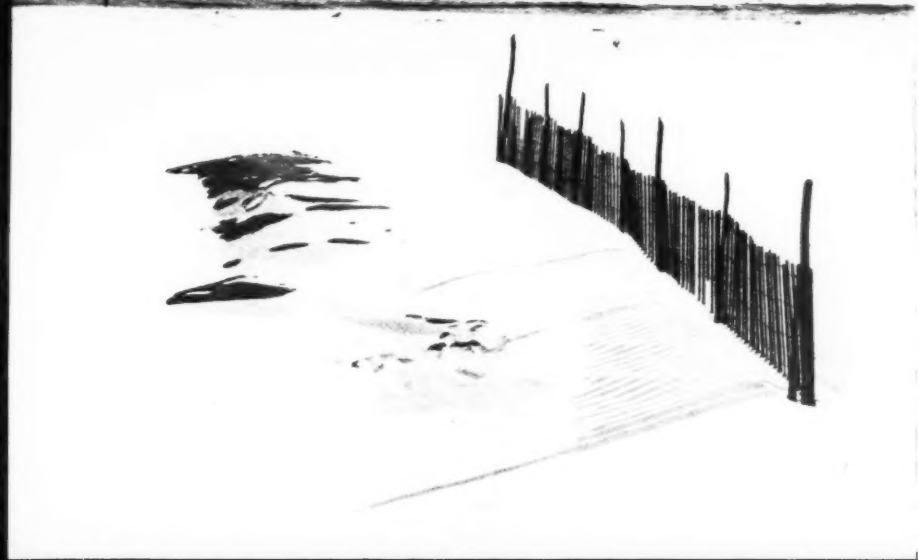
No matter how the storm strikes, human reactions are always predictable. As the earth is upholstered in white, coat collars are turned up, rubbers are donned and blizzard talk begins.



*Businessman: I had to abandon my car right on Main Street. Housewife: I got caught without any food in the house. Old-Timer: Shucks, this is nothing compared to the blizzards we had when I was a boy!*



Suddenly, the giant is gone. A pale morning sun breaks through to illuminate a white world. In the fury of the night, Old Man Blizzard has scribbled his signature upon the earth—and vanished.



Stenciled shadows, cut by the keen hand of Nature, reappear on the white counterpanes that cover sparkling fields . . .



. . . and where the sea breaks, streamers of ice are bent by the wind. For a moment, the world is cloaked in frozen majesty. And then begins the monumental job of digging out.

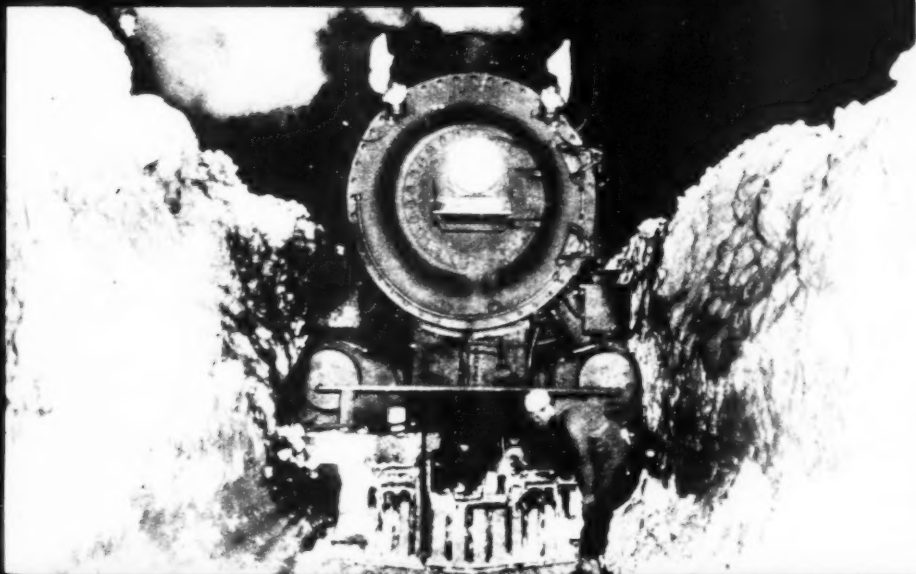


Snowplows slash into enormous drifts in a 24-hour-a-day battle to clear streets and highways. Rescue planes take off to drop food and medical supplies to isolated farms and communities.

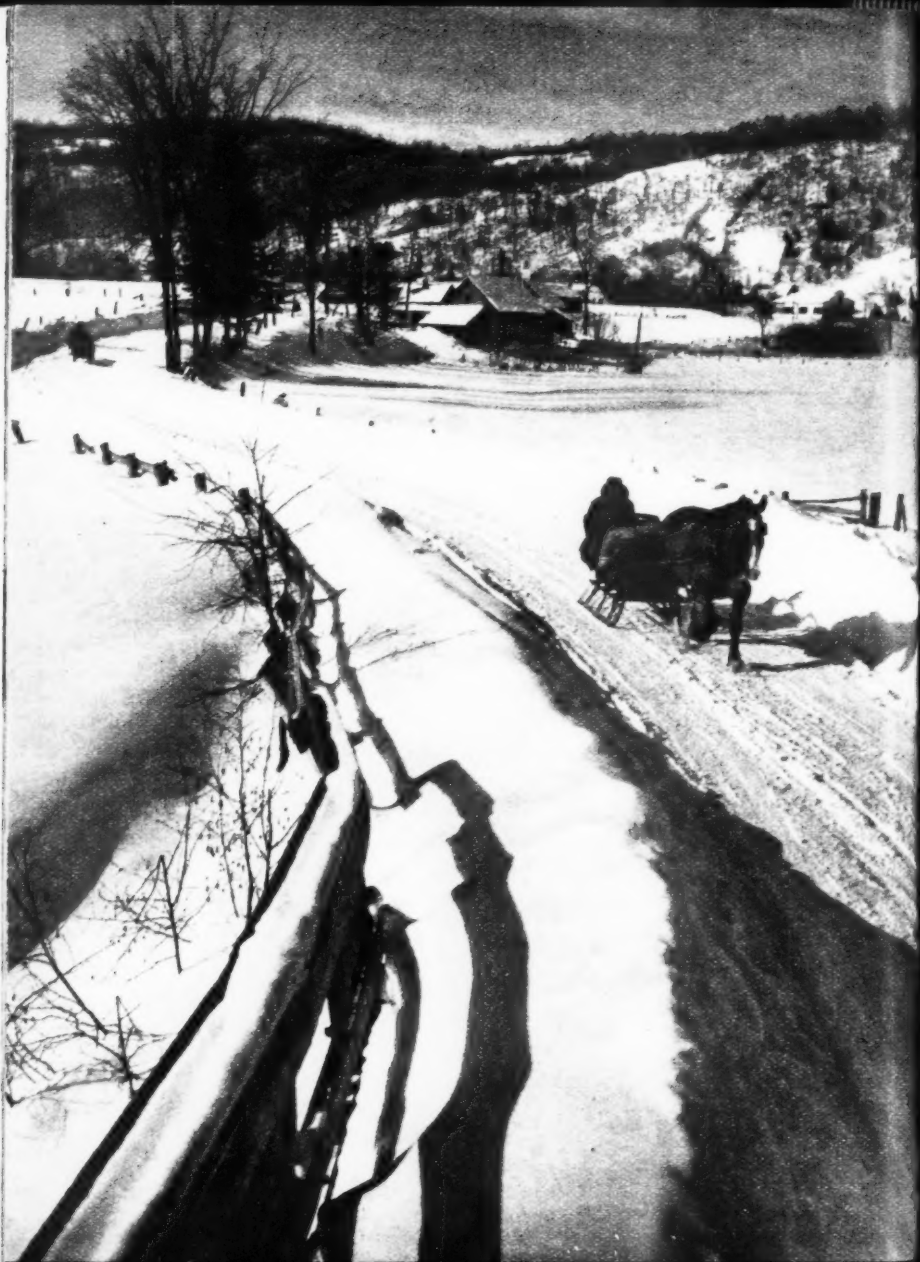




Sometimes, freak winds bury a house and leave a barnyard bare. Last year in several Western states ranches were snowbound for more than three weeks before ground communication was re-established.



Slowly, the nation recovers. Trains, days behind schedule, begin to roll through canyons of snow. Thousands of man-hours and millions of dollars are spent annually in breaking the winter's icy grip.



Yes, a snowfall can be pretty as a picture post card. But bent branches along fences and soft white collars of snow on roadways are silent reminders that Old Man Blizzard has passed this way.



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## Grandma Knows Her Murders

by GEORGE OSWALD

The amazing Mrs. Lee gave crime fighters the tools for solving baffling homicides

IF OUR POLICE had to pick America's No. 1 lay sleuth, they would probably nominate a 70-year-old grandmother who lives in old-world style on a beautiful White Mountains estate and spends her busy days helping them solve intricate murder cases.

The amazing Mrs. Frances Glessner Lee is famous among professional crime fighters, who made her one of the first woman state police captains in the country and the first active woman member of the exalted International Association of Chiefs of Police.

Crime doctors and district attorneys are deeply indebted to her as the "angel" and powerful dynamo of Harvard's pioneer Department of Legal Medicine, the nation's first university institute that made the explanation of mysterious

deaths the subject of a spectacular modern science.

Hardboiled police detectives, coroners and crime reporters admiringly use her modern tools for realistic training in crime detection—those true-to-death scale models of actual murder scenes that she fashions with her artistic hands.

Above all, however, the queenly looking woman with the high, white coiffure and the tiny gold-rimmed eyeglasses is known as a passionate crusader for justice and a tireless lobbyist for reform of our outdated, unreliable coroner system.

Many innocent Americans owe Mrs. Lee their freedom, and countless criminals their just convictions. Take the case of the skeletonized body found by some Boston boys near a lonely beach. Had there been a crime? Almost anywhere

else, the case would have been shelved as insoluble. But to the Harvard enthusiasts of medico-legal crime detection, it was a challenge.

The anatomist, with bone measurements and X rays, identified the body as that of a woman between 18 and 21, 5 feet 8 inches tall. The pathologist discovered some tiny, shriveled embryonic bones, proving that the woman had been pregnant for three months.

A botanist and an insect expert fixed the approximate time of her death. From their knowledge of the life cycles of foliage smothered beneath the skeleton, and of larvae found on it, they determined independently that it must have taken place between the last week of May and the first week of June.

With these clues, police identified the skeleton as that of a girl missing from another New England town. Next, they singled out a man with whom she had been "going" around the end of February. And he duly confessed strangling his ex-sweet-heart in the lonely spot.

Mrs. Lee, of course, was never called in on the case. But she was really responsible for solving the mystery. In the same way, she helped solve the case of the ne'er-do-well New England stepson.

An elderly couple were found shot in their home—the woman dead, the husband dying from a wound in the back of the head. The old man accused the stepson, who was soon picked up, drunk and without an alibi. He confessed that the shotgun found on the spot was his, and that he had quarreled with his stepfather.

In some parts of the country,

these circumstances might have sent him to the chair. But Massachusetts sleuths, extra-trained to take nothing for granted, looked for the kind of surprise clue which Mrs. Lee would provocatively put into her educational scale models.

They found a faint imprint of the gunstock in the linoleum by the stepfather's chair. And the Harvard-trained medical examiner went to work on that wound in the back of the victim's head.

Soon, doctor and police were able to stage the murder scene. Here, the stepfather had been sitting, the stock of the shotgun resting on the floor. Then, slowly reaching for the trigger, he had forced his body and head back to fake murder, and shot himself.

Confronted with the evidence, the old man confessed having shot his wife and himself.

IT WAS WAY BACK in the 1880s that murder and medicine first began to thrill the gentle, pigtailed Frances Glessner, who became today's powerful, iron-willed matriarch. For murder and medicine were the interests of George Burgess Magrath, her brother's studious chum who always appeared at "The Rocks" when the Glessner family arrived from Chicago for a summer vacation in the White Mountains.

For hours on end, Frances would listen to George's latest tales of unpunished or undetectable crimes; of unexpected clues that turned up in the autopsy room at medical school; of amateur coroners and old-fashioned police officers who knew little about crime-hunting; and about his own plans for a great career as a medical crime detective.



From one summer vacation to another, Frances' interest in murder and medicine grew, paralleling George's rise in his self-chosen profession. The promising young medical student became the brilliant young teacher of medicine, the famous professor of pathology, and eventually "America's real-life Sherlock Holmes," a pioneer of legal medicine.

But for Frances there was always the sobering return to the stodgy social routine of Chicago's upper set. Marriage, children and even grandchildren did not change her father's unwritten law that "a Glessner" could not possibly think of nurturing interest in a subject like crime. Thus, Mrs. Lee was well over 50 years old when her long-frustrated career in crime-detection began.

She was ill in Boston for months; and almost every night Magrath came to see her. He talked "cases" as enthusiastically as ever. But through all his stories ran a gnawing fear: what was to become of his young science of "crime doctoring" when he died? One day, Mrs. Lee asked what she could do to perpetuate his work. "Make it possible for Harvard to teach legal medicine," was his answer, "and to spread its use through education."

Mrs. Lee lost no more time: she went ahead. Magrath, who died in 1938, lived to build up the Harvard department which Mrs. Lee financed; to enjoy the use of the most modern equipment American industry could supply; to witness his name being given to the world's biggest library of Legal Medicine,

collected by Mrs. Lee in years of searching at home and abroad; and to see the department permanently endowed by her.

So far, some 2,000 doctors and 4,000 lawyers have passed through the department, headed for ten years by Prof. Alan R. Moritz, one of America's outstanding pathologists. Several thousand state troopers, city detectives, coroners and district attorneys of all states in the Union, plus insurance men and newspaper reporters, have attended the one-week "seminars" that Mrs.

Lee has established. She never misses those intensive courses, sitting as the only woman among the rugged "students." But her best time of the exciting week comes on the day always set aside for work in the air-conditioned room that houses her homemade "Nutshell

Studies in Unexplained Deaths"—showcases containing Mrs. Lee's scale models of mysterious death scenes. Written explanations about the crimes are few.

"Death in the Kitchen: Reported to Nutshell Laboratories, Wednesday, April 12, 1944"—says a typical one. "Mrs. Fred Barnes, housewife, dead." Then some background information, assurance that all vital clues are here, true to scale; and finally the question each man has to answer for his exam: "Was it accident, suicide or murder?"

Maybe a year later she will get the final pay-off on her intricate crime studies. As in the case of a state trooper she met last summer; he assured her that the Harvard "doll houses" had made a world of dif-

#### Buy Christmas Seals



Help Stamp Out TB

ference to him in handling tough cases. It is this sort of reaction which tells Mrs. Lee that it is well worth her while putting into each scale model an average of several thousand working hours, some \$3,000 in cash, and infinite pains. Mrs. Lee holds that nothing which helps to improve crime detection is too much trouble.

**W**HEN MRS. LEE CAME into the picture in the early 1930s, Boston was in the lead with its reformed medical examiner's law. But today, the recently improved Virginia law is the best model for the other states in urgent need of reform. For Mrs. Lee has succeeded in "annexing" Virginia and its state troopers to her New England domain.

Four years ago, when she was not allowed to read or work because of eye trouble, a radio set was installed in her room. But reception in the White Mountains is tricky, and the Virginia State Police wave length was about the only one to come through clearly.

Mrs. Lee listened day and night to the orders that went out to the troopers and to their reports to headquarters. Soon she knew most of them by names and cases. The

following Christmas she wrote letters of appreciation to all the troopers, and a note to their chief. An invitation to visit Virginia followed. She was received with open arms—and with an open mind for her message.

Keen state troopers, an eager state university and understanding legislators did the rest. Virginia soon beat New England with the most far-reaching changes in its education for crime detection and in its ancient laws governing post-mortem examinations and the qualifications for coroners.

But New England and Virginia are only the beginning. More and more states must promote better justice through better crime detection. Mrs. Lee figures the job will take her until 1960.

"Eleven years? So what?" she remarks drily. "We Glessners normally are active until 90 or so."

Some day, innocent Americans will no longer go to jail for murder and manslaughter. Homicides by the hundreds will no longer remain unrecognized. There will be no such thing as unexplained death. And Frances Glessner Lee will largely be responsible for all these victories in the war against crime.



### What Is Youth?

**O**N PROMINENT DISPLAY in Gen. Douglas MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo are these words: "Youth is not a time of life—it is a state of mind. . . . You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair."

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# The Full Reward of Labor

by DAVID GRAYSON

HAPPINESS, I HAVE discovered, is nearly always a rebound from hard work. It is one of the follies of men to imagine that they can enjoy mere thought, or emotion, or sentiment. As well try to eat beauty!

For happiness must be tricked. She loves to see men at work. She loves sweat, weariness and self-sacrifice. She will be found not in palaces but lurking in cornfields, workshops and factories, and hovering over littered desks: she crowns the unconscious head of the busy child.

There is something fine in heavy physical labor. One actually stops thinking. I often work long in my fields without any thought whatever, save that connected with the monotonous repetition of the labor itself—down with the spade, out with it, up with it, over with it—and repeat.

And yet, sometimes—mostly in the forenoon when I am not tired—I will suddenly have a sense of the world opening around me—a sense of its beauty and its meanings—giving me a peculiar deep happiness that is near complete content.

*From Adventures in Contentment*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GROTH



# CHRISTMAS

## NORTH AND SOUTH

ALL OF US LIKE to recall the good old-fashioned Christmases of our childhood. For many, this means fond memories of traditional New England, crisp and cold with snow. But in America, Christmas can also be heralded by soft and spring-like breezes, stealing gently across the green-bayed Southland.



### I

## Maine Homecoming

by ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

IF YOU WANT to have a Christmas like the one we had on Paradise Farm when I was a boy, you will have to hunt up a salt-water farm on the Maine coast, with bays on both sides and a road that goes around all sorts of bays, up over Misery Hill and down, and through

the fir trees so close together that they brush you and your horse on both cheeks.

You must have a clear December night, with blue Maine stars snapping like sapphires with the cold, and the big moon flooding full over Misery Hill and lighting up the



snowy spruce boughs like crushed diamonds. You ought to be wrapped in a buffalo robe to your nose, and be sitting in a family pung, and have your breath trailing along with you as you slide over the dry, whistling snow.

You will have to sing the songs we sang—*God Rest You Merry Gentlemen* and *Joy to the World*—and you will be able to see your songs around you in the air like blue smoke. That's the only way to come to a Paradise Christmas. And you really should cross over at least one broad bay on the ice and feel the tide-rifts bounce you as the runners slide over them. And if the whole bay booms out every now and then, and the sound echoes around the wooded islands for miles, you will be having the sort of ride we loved to take from town, the night before Christmas.

I won't insist on your having a father like ours to drive you home to your Christmas—one with a wide moustache full of icicles, and eyes like the stars of the morning. That would be impossible, anyway, for there has been only one of him in the world. But you will be able to have the rooms of the farmhouse banked with emerald jewels clustered on bayberry boughs, clumps of everlasting roses with gold spots in the middle of them, and the evergreen that runs all over the Maine woods.

The Christmas tree will have a top so high that it will have to be bent over and run along the ceiling of the sitting room. And there will be a lot of aunts in the house—aunts of every complexion and cut. One of them can read the Nativity story from the Bible, one can make

up wreaths, and still another can steer your 12-seater bobsled—and turn it over, bottom up, with all of you in just the right place for a fine spill.

There will be uncles, too, to hold one end of the molasses taffy you will pull sooner or later, yanking it out till it flashes and turns into corn silk that almost floats in the air, tossing your end of it back and probably lassoing your uncle around his neck as you do it and pulling out a new rope of solid honey.

The uncles will make themselves useful in other ways. They will mend the bobsled and tie up cut fingers; and—if you get on the good side of them—they will saw up so much birch wood that you won't have to lay hand to a bucksaw till after New Year's.

**M**Y FATHER WAS BUILT for lots of people 'round him—but on Christmas, he wanted people in squads. There were men with wide moustaches and men with smooth places on top of their heads, women wide and narrow. Hired men, too. They were special guests and had to be handled with kid gloves, as New England hired men must.

Babies were underfoot in full cry. The older children hunted in packs. The table had to be pieced out with flour barrels, breadboards and ironing boards. It was a house's length from the head of the table, where your father sat and manufactured the roast into slivers, to your mother dishing out the pork gravy.

Whole geese disappeared on the way down. The Christmas cake, which had been left sweetly to itself for a month to age into a miracle, was a narrow isthmus

when it got to Mother. But Mother always said that Christmas, to her, was watching other people eat.

There were mince pies by the legion. And if Uncle Tom were there, a whole raccoon baked just for him and girt 'round with browned sweet potatoes. Mother's wild strawberry jam was on deck, winking at you like rubies from the holes in tarts that melted away like bubbles in the mouth. And, of course, there was an apple pudding, steamed in a lard bucket, and cut open with a string.

After dinner, the whole nation of you in the house will go from one thing to another. You will all string cranberries and popcorn for the tree, and the bright lines each of you holds will radiate from the tree like ribbons on a maypole. You will all get in each other's way, but that is the art of doing Christmas right.

You will all bundle together for a never-to-be-forgotten ride in the afternoon. You had better take the horse-sled, as the pung will not begin to hold you. And even then a dozen or so assorted uncles and aunts and cousins will have to come trooping after through the deep snow, and wait for their turn on the straw in the sled.

Late in the afternoon, when we return to the house, everybody will hang presents on the tree at once. There will be no nonsense of tip-toeing up and edging a package on when nobody is looking. Everybody knows who is giving him what. There is no mystery about it.

There will be "boughten" presents to be sure. But if it is going to be our kind of Christmas, most of the presents will be homemade. Socks knit by the aunt who swears

only by useful gifts. A box of Aunt Louise's candied orange peel that she will never let on how she makes. Your father will have made a sled for every mother's son and daughter of you, with a bluebird or robin redbreast, more real than life, painted on each one and your name underneath. And popcorn balls, dripping with molasses, will stick your wrists and socks and other treasures together.

But the pith of the party is not reached until the entire clan sits down in rocking chairs, or lies down in front of the great fireplace. The presents are all tucked away, the last lamps are out, the firelight dances on the ceiling. All the babies are hushed, all the younger fry are half asleep. Then you had best find a fair substitute for my father. Give him the best chair in the house—and let him tear!

He will begin by telling you about such people as the brilliant young ladies of Philadelphia who had a piano too big to fit their house, so they put it on the porch and played it through an open window. Then he will move on to Big Bethel, and tell you how the Yankee campfires looked like the high Milky Way itself, all night long before the battle; how the dew silvered every sleeping soldier's face and the stacked rifles, as the dawn came up with the new day and death.

And you will hug your knees and hear the wind outside going its rounds among the snowy pines, and you will listen on, till the story you are hearing becomes a part of the old winds of the world and the motion of the bright stars. And probably it will take two uncles at least to carry you to bed.

## II

# Carolina Festival

by ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE



WHEN TO THE MYSTICAL glamour that naturally belongs to the Christmas season, one can add the romance that belongs to the old-time South, nothing short of enchantment is the result. I do not think that even in the England of Cavalier days was Christmas more picturesquely celebrated than it is today on those great plantations of the South which have managed to preserve the integrity of their beauty and charm.

At home I have never seen snow at Christmastime. Instead, we have a green Christmas, made so by the pine, holly, myrtle, sweet bay and smilax that over the top of many a tree weave emerald crowns. A

plantation Christmas is one of wild-wood fragrances, as well as one of roaring open fires and festive boards and ancient carols.

Awaking one Christmas morning, I remember what a pleasure I experienced from hearing, just outside the window, a Carolina wren caroling like mad. Climbing a pillar under my window was a yellow jasmine vine, and in a festive mood to suit the season it had put forth a few delicious blossoms—golden bells to ring for Christmas.

Beyond the window I could see the mighty live oaks, their streamers of moss waving gently like my white curtains; then the imperial, towering pines. Christmas morning,

with birds and sunshine and scented sea winds!

Going to the window, I looked out. All the dim sweet plantation was steeped in faërie light. The far reaches of bowed and brown cotton field; the golden broom sedge fringing the fields; the misty river rolling softly; the sleeping trees, jeweled with dew; the uncertain pearly sky—all these had a magical look. A silvery silence held the world divinely, in virginal beauty.

But soon the stillness was broken, and by no gentle sound. It did not surprise me, but not many Americans other than plantation dwellers would have expected it. Firecrackers! The Puritan Christmas of New England has something exceedingly snowy and austere about it. In the South it is a day for frolic—at least, on the plantation it is not associated in any way with church services. Nor do I think it less a genuine festival of the hearth and home because all the little Negroes shoot fireworks, all the plantation belles hang mistletoe (and strangely linger near it), and all the plantation men go deer hunting.

The Negroes do not stay long in the colored settlement, but promptly repair to the Great House, thronging gleefully across the fields, shouting and singing. I find the yard thronged with them when I take an early-morning stroll.

Before breakfast we distribute to the Negroes whatever we have for them in the way of Christmas cheer . . . Then the family gathers for breakfast. I love to think of it; the ample room from the walls of which gaze down faded portraits of the plantation owners of an earlier generation; there gaze down, too, a

whole fringe of deer horns, festooned with Spanish moss.

Christmas breakfast makes one think of a wedding breakfast. The table is gay with sprigs of holly, with graceful ropes of smilax. A huge bunch of mistletoe, large enough to warrant the most ardent kissings of whole communities, stands upright in the center of the table, its pale, cold berries mysteriously agleam. Then Martha and Sue bring in the breakfast: snowy hominy, cold wild turkey, brown crumbly corn breads, venison sausages, beaten biscuits, steaming coffee, homemade orange marmalade. Coffee is served from a massive silver coffeepot—the same used when a gentleman named General George Washington visited this home during his Southern tour in those last years of the 18th century.

WHILE WE ARE at breakfast, we have evidence that the day is not to be spent in languorous ease, for from the yard we can hear the Negro huntsmen tuning up their hunting horns; and in response to the faint mellow blasts we hear the joyous yowling of staghounds. Some of these come to the dining-room door, and there stand, fixing us with melancholy great eyes—more eager, I really think, to have us finish our repast and join them in the woods than envious of our festive feast.

Soon we are astride our mounts, turning them down the live-oak avenue toward the deep pinelands. As we ride down the sandy road, we are on the lookout for deer tracks; and these are seen crossing and recrossing the damp road.

We start a stag in the Crippled

Oak Drive, and for miles we race him: now straight through the glimmering pinelands, sundappled and still; now through the eerie fringes of the "Ocean," an inviolate sanctuary, made so by the riotous tangle of greenery; now he heads for the river, and we race down the broad road to cut him off.

There is a stretch of three miles, straight and level. Down this we course. But the crafty buck doubles and heads northward for the sparkleberry thickets of the plantation. I race forward to a certain stand, and just as I get there he almost jumps over me! The dogs are far behind; and the stag gives the appearance of enjoying the race. Away he sails, his stiffly erect, snowy tail flashing high above the bay bushes. I await the arrival of the dogs, and soon they come clamoring along.

Our stalwart buck makes almost a complete circle, outwits us, enters the mysterious depths of the "Ocean," and is lost. But perhaps—at any rate, on Christmas Day—for us to lose his life is better than for him to lose it.

After a few more chases, we return to the plantation house; to the patriarch live oaks watching before it, to the red roses, to the yellow

jasmine; and within, to the ruddy fires, the rooms festooned with fragrant greenery.

For dinner, we have snowy pyramids of rice, brown sweet potatoes with sugar oozing out of their jackets, roasted rice-fed mallards, wild turkey, venison, tenderloin of pork fattened on live-oak acorns, pilau and cardinal pudding!

Twilight falls as we come to the nuts and raisins. Then we form a great semicircle before the fire, and we rehunt the chases of that day, and of many of long ago.

It is late ere our tales are ended. It has been a glorious day. I wander out now on the front porch. The risen moon is casting a silvery glamour over the world. Far off I can hear the Negroes singing their spirituals of Christmas—the sweetest melody, I think, of which the human voice is capable.

The live oaks shimmer softly in the moonshine. I hear flights of wild ducks speeding overhead, hastening toward their feeding grounds far down the river. Over the old plantation the serenity of joyous peace descends—the peace of human hearts at Christmastime. Beauty and love and home—these make that peace on earth that Christmas in the heart alone can bring.

### Santa Knows Best

DENNIS MORGAN'S SON, Stanley, last Christmas yearned for a BB gun, but it was forbidden by his parents. So the boy secretly bought one with money earned delivering newspapers and hid it away until Christmas Eve, when he tiptoed downstairs and



placed it under the tree. Next morning, the youngster faked joyous surprise at sight of the gun, and his baffled parents couldn't very well say anything in protest, because the card attached plainly read: "To Stanley from Santa."

—LEO GUILD



## THE U.S. MAIL GOES THROUGH

by ANN FIELDS

It's men like Carl Sundahl who give meaning to the Post Office Department's motto

IT WAS A BITTER DAY in March, 1942. The snow lay packed in drifts, dark clouds hung low and the wind howled as Carl E. Sundahl, rural mail carrier of Webster, South Dakota, left the post office for his routine 56-mile run into "nowhere." Tossing the mail bag into his Ford sedan, he took off across the barren Dakota country.

Within an hour a blizzard was raging, obscuring the road with blinding snow. Suddenly, on a rising incline, the car began to slide, then careened down a bank and sank into five feet of icy water.

Sundahl struggled frantically but the door refused to open. With time running short, Carl finally managed to squeeze out through a window and flounder to shore—gasping and half-frozen.

It was then that he remembered his mail. Resolutely, he waded back into the icy water, crawled into the car and recovered his precious bag. Then he walked a mile to a farmer's house, changed his clothes and started out on foot to try to cover his route.

The incident was so much a part of Carl Sundahl's 30 years as a rural mail carrier in bleak Dakota that he did not even remember it until reminded by a neighbor. He is so absorbed in his work that the risks are just part of the job. Says Sundahl: "I wouldn't trade my job for the Presidency!" He means it, too.

Stockily built and weighing 235 pounds, Sundahl has friendly blue eyes, a ready smile, physical power and durability, and a great zest for living. Sixty now and past



the retiring age, he has no intention of quitting—thinks he will stay on at least ten years more.

For 25 years he carried the mail over the same route: toiling through the merciless heat of summer, the deep ruts of spring and fall, the towering drifts of winter. He has traveled it on a saddle horse, in a buggy and on skis. He has driven a two-speed Saxon, a "Jack Benny" Maxwell, two Whippets, two Plymouths, five Model-T Fords, three Model-A Fords, four V-8 Fords and four Chevrolets, all of which he bought himself, according to post-office regulation.

Then there is his snowmobile, which he fashioned himself. Folks along his route describe it as a cross between "a cat and a snub-nosed car." Actually, it is a car with skis in front and a caterpillar tread in the rear. With it, Sundahl thinks he has "whittled nature down to my size." His voice is proud when he says: "Nobody can follow me when I set off in my snowmobile."

Webster, South Dakota, lies in one of the flattest sections of the country. It is not unusual for the snow to start in November and continue for five months, during which no ground is visible. The wind blows a 60-mile gale and packs the snow into drifts so deep that Sundahl has several photographs of himself sitting on the barely discernible top of a telephone pole. The lonesome wail of a freight train and Sundahl in his snowmobile are often the only evidences of moving traffic for days at a time.

During the blizzard season, Carl often serves as mailman, grocery man, doctor and ambulance driver. He has even hauled hay for farm-

ers' stock. Many a housewife has been lowered into the snowmobile in a race to the hospital to beat the stork. Doctors have called him out in the middle of the night to make the long trek to some isolated home.

"But," says Carl, "I feel sorry for people who can't live in this wonderful country, can't fish through the ice, skate on the lakes, shoot pheasant and deer. Why, this is God's country!"

SUNDAHL WAS BORN in 1889 on a small farm outside Webster. His father, a Norwegian immigrant, raised a family of eight on a few barren acres. In 1912, Carl joined the Army and served in the cavalry for three years. Having seen the U. S. from Washington to Mexico, he has no desire to see it again. He spends his vacations in Webster.

In 1915 he married Hazel Hugget, a local farm girl, and today the Sundahls live in a rambling house on Main Street, two blocks from the post office. The house is divided into apartments, three of which are rented. "That's my insurance against retirement," Sundahl points out. "The Post Office Department won't let us hold competitive jobs in our off time."

The off time comes when Sundahl gets back from his route, which sometimes is as early as 2:30 in the afternoon and sometimes as late as midnight. His day begins at 7 A.M. when he goes to the post office to sort his mail and get ready for the journey. At 8:30 he leaves, loaded down with mail, packages and telegrams.

In the old days, he also carried a dozen or so articles which he had purchased for the people on his

route. But he no longer has to do this, because his route has now been changed after 25 years over the same roads. His tidy habits of mind and his natural compassion for people had, he admits, made a slave of him.

"I used to buy everything for the people on my route from milk bottles for the baby to—believe it or not—girdles. I guess you could say I let the people use me, but heck, I'd known some of them for three generations."

Folks on the old route threatened a revolution when they heard Sundahl had been transferred. To them he was a landmark—something that would go on forever. In the winter he was practically their only link with the outside world. At Christmas each year, they loaded him down with pigs, chickens, grain for his horse, bottles of milk and cream, shirts and ties.

One illuminating thing about Sundahl is that, after 30 years on the job, he does not know how much salary he receives. His philosophy in a money-mad world remains both profound and simple. "I'll have to look up one of those blanks," he replied, when asked

about his salary. "I never pay any attention to the stuff. I just take 'em down to the bank. Money doesn't mean much out here; not much you can buy except shells for your gun or some fishing things."

The people along his route are small farmers. The average run of mail is a letter from a sister, child or relative somewhere, and postcards that say "please write." He hates that blank, sorrowful look that comes when a mother or father meets him thinking "for sure this time," and the children let them down.

Over the years this rural mail carrier has acquired a ripeness of wisdom. He is a man of the land and the outdoors, and his joy in living is strictly from the land. More than all this, he possesses the supreme gift of a contented mind—satisfied with his own property, pleased with his surroundings, asking no more of life than to do just what he is doing.

"If it's tough for me to get the mail through, then other people must really be in trouble," Carl Sundahl points out. "And someone has to see about them—that's just a part of living."



### **Right to the Point!**

One aimless shopper to another: "If you don't plan to buy anything in this store, let's look at something more expensive."

—S. ULLMAN

Small boy: "If I'm noisy they give me a spanking . . . and if I'm quiet they take my temperature!"

—HARRY LAMPERT, *McNaught Syndicate, Inc.*

# Houdini's True Ghost Story



by PAUL JACKSON

This eerie tale is hard to believe, but a master magician stamped it as authentic

OF ALL THE ENEMIES of spiritualist charlatans, none was more zealous and effective than the late Harry Houdini. The famous magician and escape artist offered a standing reward to any seer or mystic whose "phenomena" he could not duplicate. None ever collected the attractive purse.

Yet Houdini did admit the authenticity of one supernatural incident which he personally investigated and pronounced true.

One of Houdini's closest friends was Harry Kellar, then America's most illustrious magician and a man highly respected by his colleagues. One day, Kellar confided to Houdini a story so strange that the

latter could hardly believe it. But after investigating the mysterious case, he became convinced of its validity. It was the only such incident that he ever acknowledged was without fraud and, equally, without logical explanation.

When Kellar led his troupe on a tour of China in 1877, he took with him two magician-brothers whose illusions were as expert as they were dramatic. Ling Look and Yamadeva, although Hungarians, had adopted Chinese garb and techniques for their acts. They excelled in escapes from boxes and rope-ties, and were accomplished sword-swallowers on the side.

The two were overjoyed at the

chance to visit the country whose culture they admired so much. Hence, after their first show in Shanghai they set out to see the sights. Yamadeva loved to bowl, so the two wandered into a bowling alley where Yamadeva won applause from local enthusiasts.

On their last evening in Shanghai, Yamadeva visited the bowling alley with Kellar. After watching a burly sea captain throw a huge ball, Yamadeva boasted that he could throw just as much weight. Grasping an especially large ball, he sent it thundering down the alley. Then, suddenly, he clutched his side and moaned. He managed to get back to the ship, but within an hour died of a ruptured artery.

Ling Look was inconsolable. He had never been separated from his beloved brother, and the tragedy completely unnerved him. Kellar, pitying the heartbroken boy, persuaded the ship's captain to stow Yamadeva's casket in the hold so the brothers could travel together.

As the *Khiva* steamed toward Hong Kong, Ling Look morosely paced the deck, unmoved by friends' efforts to comfort him. One night Kellar was awakened by the disheveled youth, who rushed excitedly into his cabin.

"Yamadeva is not dead!" he

cried. "I know he isn't! I've heard him give our secret whistle!"

The magician vainly tried to reassure Ling Look that his brother was really dead. Meanwhile, crewmen and other troupers gathered about the hysterical boy whom Kellar had led onto deck.

"Listen," Ling Look pleaded. "Listen, you can hear it now!"

The calm night air was broken by a strange whistle, plainly audible to Kellar, his performers and the ship's crew.

Ling Look demanded that the coffin be opened. Finally, over the Chinese captain's superstitious protests, the lid was lifted. Inside was the cold and obviously dead body of Yamadeva. Ling Look studied the rigid face intently. Once he seemed to speak to the immobile figure. Then he turned to Kellar.

"You know how I always obeyed Yamadeva's commands," he said. "Well, he has asked me to go with him. And I shall obey. I will not leave Hong Kong alive."

When the party arrived at Hong Kong, Ling Look was serene and calm. Two days later he fell ill. He was rushed to a hospital where, a few hours later, he died.

Today, the two brothers lie buried, side by side, in a Hong Kong cemetery.

## Magie vs. Miracle

If a man reaches into a hat and pulls out a rabbit, it's magic.  
If a woman reaches into her handbag for a door key and pulls out a door key, it's a miracle.

—Farm Journal



by **CHARLES F. KETTERING**  
*(Research Consultant, General Motors Corporation)*

WE REFER TO OUR NATION as a "democracy," which is just a long way of spelling "votes." That's all a democracy is: a country where people vote for things. We think of elections as coming in the spring or in the fall; but these are only the political elections. We have continuous elections in this democracy.

Every store in every village, town and city, is a voting booth at which we vote every day. A little boy says, "I want that candy bar, not the other one." A man says, "I want this color on my car, not that color."

We vote from morning until night, and our votes give everybody more for his money because they lead to competition, and competition makes the nation run.

I believe not only in the profit system, I believe in the double profit

system. I don't know a great deal about business because I've been a mechanic all of my life, but I do know this: if I make an article and can sell it to you for more than it cost me, I have made a profit. But that profit doesn't do me much good unless you are convinced that the article is worth more than the price you paid; and that is the second profit. If the customer does not make a larger profit than you, the manufacturer, make, you cannot stay in business.

We have the double profit system in every part of this country. That's what stores are; that's what ads are—voting and electioneering places for manufactured articles, whether they be a drill press or a hat. The man who keeps giving his customer a profit is the one getting the most votes. That man is sure to succeed.



ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD OTT



## The Doctor's Little Black Bag

by PAUL H. FLUCK, M. D.

A medic with a sentimental streak mourns the passing of the "Old Look" in kits

NO OTHER PIECE of luggage so intrigues the minds of Americans as the doctor's tool chest. For, if you should deny that the stork brought you, you would be forced to admit that the doctor's black bag probably did . . . or so the story goes.

Few have been privileged to look inside one of these ancient satchels. Even today, when exposés of the most intimate nature are published everywhere, the doctor's bag and its mysterious contents remain as impenetrable as ever.

In the 12 years that I have lugged these infernally heavy packsacks up and down the stairs of New Jersey homes, I have packed, repacked and unpacked the blasted things

until I know well (if others don't) every gadget in them. When a fuse quits on short notice, I stumble to my medical kit to find a light, rather than risk breaking my neck searching any other cubbyhole in the house.

My first medical bag was a beauty, and I packed it lovingly. I folded and refolded my stethoscope until it lay in comfortable coils among the lesser articles. My sphygmomanometer (blood-pressure outfit to you), my otoscope, my rubber hammer, (doctors *do* use a rubber hammer), my transilluminator (flashlight, you would call it), and assorted containers for accessory tongue depressors, swabs and



medicines, all lay at rigid attention under the snaky stethoscope.

My first call found me proudly swinging that beautiful case as I walked toward the uncertain steps of a weather-beaten house. My first patient (I never saw her) disappeared through the back door as I entered through the front. The family thought she was crazy, although I'm not too sure. All this transpired years ago, but I can still remember feeling rather glad that the immaculate contents of my bag had not been disturbed.

Specifically, my medical kit, equipped for action, carries a gross weight of some 20 pounds. In it, there are exactly 182 different gadgets, accessories and medicines, not counting pills. In winter, it really bulges when I try to shove an extra dozen sticky bottles into its groaning cavities. The cost of replacing this medical haversack would be well over \$225 at today's prices. (And yet, doctors leave these things in unlocked cars.)

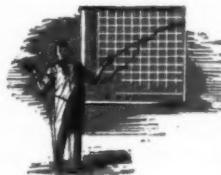
Today, alas, the doctor's bag is taking its final bow, swiftly moving toward the exit, pursued by drug-hungry patients and government regulations. Few doctors care to fill out the quadruplicate forms and pay the inflated bills that accompany the stuffing for their luggage.

These days, a prescription pad solves the supply problem for doctors all over the country. Patients buy their own iodine, bandages and headache tablets. A midget stethoscope, a condensed version of the elaborate blood-pressure contraption, a thermometer, and perhaps one or two other instruments may all be carried in a coat pocket, or in the natty Zipper case that gives the "New Look" to your doctor.

It is perplexing to answer the questions of diagnosis with the meager contents of my brand-new case. And it is tougher still to find a druggist who will welcome my prescriptions in the witching hours. So it is that, when drugstores are dark and the shadows hide the "Old Look," doctors will still be seen lugging their ancient bags up creaking stairs.

There have been persistent rumors of a better-organized 24-hour pharmacy service. Should this modern blessing materialize, America's most intriguing and mystical luggage will vanish from storybooks and doctors' hands alike. Nevertheless, the bulging black bag—the black bag that brought Mom and Pop—has earned eternal retirement under the attic eaves, plus the decoration of cobwebs that it will some day proudly wear.

### It's Human Nature



THERE SEEM TO BE people around like the man who insisted he was very optimistic about the future of his business. "Then why do you look so worried all the time?" a friend asked him.

"To tell the truth," the man replied, "I'm worried now about my optimism."

—Horizons (CAMBRIDGE ASSOCIATES)



## Diamond Chief of the African Bush

by RALPH H. MAJOR, JR.

In making his dreams of adventure come true, Canadian-born John T. Williamson found a fabulous mine of precious gems

ONE DAY IN 1918, the stern-faced teacher in a Canadian classroom rapped for order. Laughter died away and little hands folded atop scarred desks.

"Come to the front of the room!" the irate schoolmarm demanded. A blushing lad stumbled forward. "I'm not going to put up with any more of your back talk. I won't have it. You will never amount to anything!"

Eleven-year-old John Thorburn Williamson cringed under the dire prophecy; then he shuffled back to his seat. No one understood him. He had always been different,

aloof, and very much a daydreamer.

Even when young John left MacDonald High School and entered McGill University, he was still what his colleagues called "a queer sort." While other students attended parties and sports events, he buried himself in his books. He had become fascinated with geology and even abandoned his law courses to study science. Summers, John went off alone to Labrador and Newfoundland.

There, surrounded by a wilderness setting, he would imagine himself a great explorer, blazing trails into uncharted jungles and wrestling with wild beasts. Williamson men in past generations had been soldiers and adventurers. Now the quiet, sober youth wrapped about

himself an imaginary cloak of ancestral romance and bravery.

John's preoccupation with the colorful past was more practically expressed through his interest in geology. The magic of rocks and their meaning fascinated the young Canadian, and inspired research and study far beyond normal scholastic pursuits. No one was surprised, therefore, when he was graduated from McGill in 1929 with honors in geology.

Immediately, he began studying for his master's degree, punctuating book learning with more expeditions to the Grenfell Mission in Labrador and points in northern Quebec. Two years later he won his degree, and followed this in 1933 with a Ph. D.

The following year, adventure knocked on John Williamson's door. A former McGill professor, Dr. J. Austin Bancroft, asked the university to name two assistants to join him in his work as consultant for copper mines in South Africa. Dr. Williamson, then only 27, and a colleague, Dr. Norman R. Schindler, were chosen. They took the next ship for Capetown.

Africa! The elated young geologist savored the word. Before his mind's eye arose pictures of jungle-bound safaris, jousts with tigers and elephants. John was "going home" for the first time in his life.

The real Africa, while as romantic as Williamson had imagined, was also rugged and hard. After serving a backbreaking apprenticeship as geologist for mining corporations in northern Rhodesia and Tanganyika, the Canadian took off on his own. Then he heard of the discovery in the Transvaal of a

fabulous 726-carat diamond, worth \$750,000. The news excited him. Why not try his own luck?

For five long years, John Williamson roamed the African veldt and ploughed through Tanganyika's jungles and upland forests. The broad-shouldered prospector dug, sifted, traveled and studied geological formations. Then, exhausted from his labors, Williamson was stricken with malaria.

His strength faded almost as fast as his money. He was often hungry. But the pleas of corporations to join them as a high-salaried expert did not break his determination. Again he took to prospecting. But now his native guides, shaking their heads in pity, called him "White Man of No Fortune."

Then one day in March, 1940, as he was disconsolately kicking the turf under a huge baobab tree, a clear stone caught the rays from the setting sun.

"A diamond, Boss!" a sharp-eyed native shouted.

Williamson dropped to his knees, picked up the rock with trembling hands. It was indeed a diamond—and a big one! At last his years of painful searching had borne fruit.

Quietly he pegged out claims around a diamondiferous area near Mwadui, a village in the remote Shinyanga region of Tanganyika. Then he formed a small mining corporation, holding for himself 299 of the 400 shares of stock. To his brother, Percy Boyd Williamson, he gave 100 shares. The one remaining share went to a local Indian.

Slowly the news of Williamson's discovery filtered through the African wilds to explode in the diamond capitals of the world. The Mwadui

mine, experts reported, was eight times larger than the Premier—until then the world's largest! The former McGill student had opened a central diamond-bearing "pipe," which geologists believed was the vein supplying rough gems to many other mines in Tanganyika.

Within a few years, Williamson's mine was yielding thousands of dollars' worth of precious stones. In 1947, production jumped to 2,000 diamonds daily, with each day's collection valued at \$30,000. That year, Mwadui's largest diamond—174 carats—was unearthed. Today, the property is reaching an output of \$8,000,000 yearly!

His new-found wealth has not transformed the modest Canadian. Actually, and perhaps unbelievably, he is not interested in money. His goal is development of East Africa's potentially rich resources, and improvement of the natives' standard of living. In 1946, he gave the government \$100,000 toward building a siding from the main railway to his mine, eight miles away. His 6,000 native workers are paid at least twice the wages prevailing in Africa.

The tall, moustached geologist has also become a social-service enthusiast. His millions have not been expended on gay living in Europe. Instead, fine hospitals, recreation halls and theaters for his laborers have sprung up amidst jungle trees, and Williamson has sponsored a large-scale housing project designed to provide the natives with clean, durable shelter.

John Williamson has not been back to Canada in 15 years. He seldom leaves his mine. Arising at dawn, he dons bush clothes and pith helmet and walks to his office. There he works a 12-hour day, retiring at sundown with his precious geology books and a few classics.

Only the radio keeps him in touch with the outside world. Telephones are nonexistent; Williamson feels they would merely encourage unnecessary talk.

With all his wealth, the 42-year-old diamond king has remained a bachelor. "I have never had time for women or thoughts of marriage," he says. But his mate—if and when he decides to marry—will be the wife of perhaps the richest man in the world!



### Judicial Magic

SIX YOUNG HOUSEWIVES living in the same apartment building in Canada fell into a dispute of such magnitude that it resulted in their being haled into court. When their case was called, they all made a concerted rush for the bench and, reaching it, all broke into bitter

complaints at the same moment.

The judge sat momentarily stunned, as charges and countercharges filled the air. Suddenly he rapped for order. Then the magistrate said patiently, "Now, I'll hear the oldest first."

That closed the case.

—Highways of Happiness



### Star Grazing

Ethel Barrymore was once invited to the ultramodern home of a young friend. With pride the hostess showed the famous actress around, then asked expectantly: "What do you think of my place?"

"It's grand!" replied Miss Barrymore. "Just grand—to be young enough to have the courage and strength to live with anything like this!"

—PRISCILLA KENNETH

An important official was scheduled to give an address. When he made his appearance, a lady asked, "Do you usually get very nervous before delivering a speech?"

"Nervous? No, I never get nervous," the official retorted.

"Well, in that case," inquired the lady, "what are you doing in the ladies' room?" —ARTHUR GODFREY, CBS

George Jessel went to a veterans' hospital to entertain GIs there. But before going he thoughtfully dispatched corsages to the 50 nurses

on the staff. Not to offend him, the nurses wore the flowers.

"It looked so funny," he said. "They were all male nurses."

—EDDIE CANTOR

At Grauman's Chinese Theater, my footprints are next to Clark Gable's. But at night, when it gets cold, they move over to Rita Hayworth's.

—AL JOLSON

### Onstage

The great pianist finished his program and walked off stage into the wings where his wife was awaiting him. "Oh, you poor darling!" she exclaimed angrily. "Those rude people in the audience talked all the time you were playing. I'm sure they didn't hear a bit of your wonderful music."

"Never mind," replied the artist. "My playing prevented me from hearing any of their conversation."

### Air Lines

The other day I heard of a radio program that has never received an award of any kind. It's a weather forecast.

—HAL KANTER

Several years ago Edmund Beloin, the motion picture writer-producer, was traveling on the road with Jack Benny, writing his radio show while Benny did personal appearances. Beloin had never worked in this manner before—hopping from town to town, bedding down in a different hotel room every night. Eventually, the routine became too much for him. He called Jack into his suite and blurted out:

"I'm taking the next plane home. I'll mail the program from there each week. Good-bye."

Jack, startled, asked Beloin why he couldn't write the radio program in a hotel room as well as he could at home.

"Homesick," he replied. "No inspiration—got to get back to Connecticut and sit under a tree again—then everything will be fine."

An hour later, a potted palm from the hotel lobby was delivered to Beloin's room, accompanied by this terse note from Benny: "Here's your tree—now get busy!"

—H. W. KELLICK

They were talking about Tom Breneman the other day. At one "Breakfast in Hollywood" broadcast, the still-mourned Breneman awarded the traditional orchid and kiss to an 82-year-old woman as the oldest guest on the program. After the show was off the air, another woman made her way to the microphone, looked cautiously back at her table and whispered to Tom:

"Just think—I could have had that orchid. I was 83 years old yesterday!"

"Why didn't you say so?" Tom asked in surprise.

"Oh, I didn't dare," the woman whispered. "You see, my husband is with me in the studio—and he thinks I'm only 81!"

—IRVING HOFFMAN

### Film Flam

Bob Hope was asked about the threatened strike of Hollywood script writers, many of whom earn huge salaries.

"I don't understand those guys," he replied. "What are they going

to strike for—shorter hours and longer swimming pools?"

—KUP'S Column in Chicago Sun-Times

Referring to a young actress his studio had just signed up, Samuel Goldwyn remarked to one of his directors: "I'll make her a star overnight—even if it takes me a year to do it."

—M. LECHENICH

A state board of film censors, after viewing a certain picture, issued this order to the distributor: "Eliminate scene showing man kicking woman." In a footnote, it was added: "This elimination is required for Sunday showings only."

—ANTHONY L. JOHNS

### Teletripe

When in a recent telecast of "Who Said That?" Senator Margaret Chase Smith of Maine was asked by Robert Trout what she would do if she woke up one morning and found herself in the White House, she had a quick answer.

"I think I'd go to Mrs. Truman, apologize, and go right home," the Senator said.

—VERA CRAENER

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*Coronet invites contributions for "Unfurled from the Show World." Send us that gag you heard on the radio, that quip from stage and screen, and anecdotes about show business, but be sure to state the source of material you submit. Payment for suitable items will be made upon publication. Address your contributions to "Unfurled from the Show World" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Show World" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.*

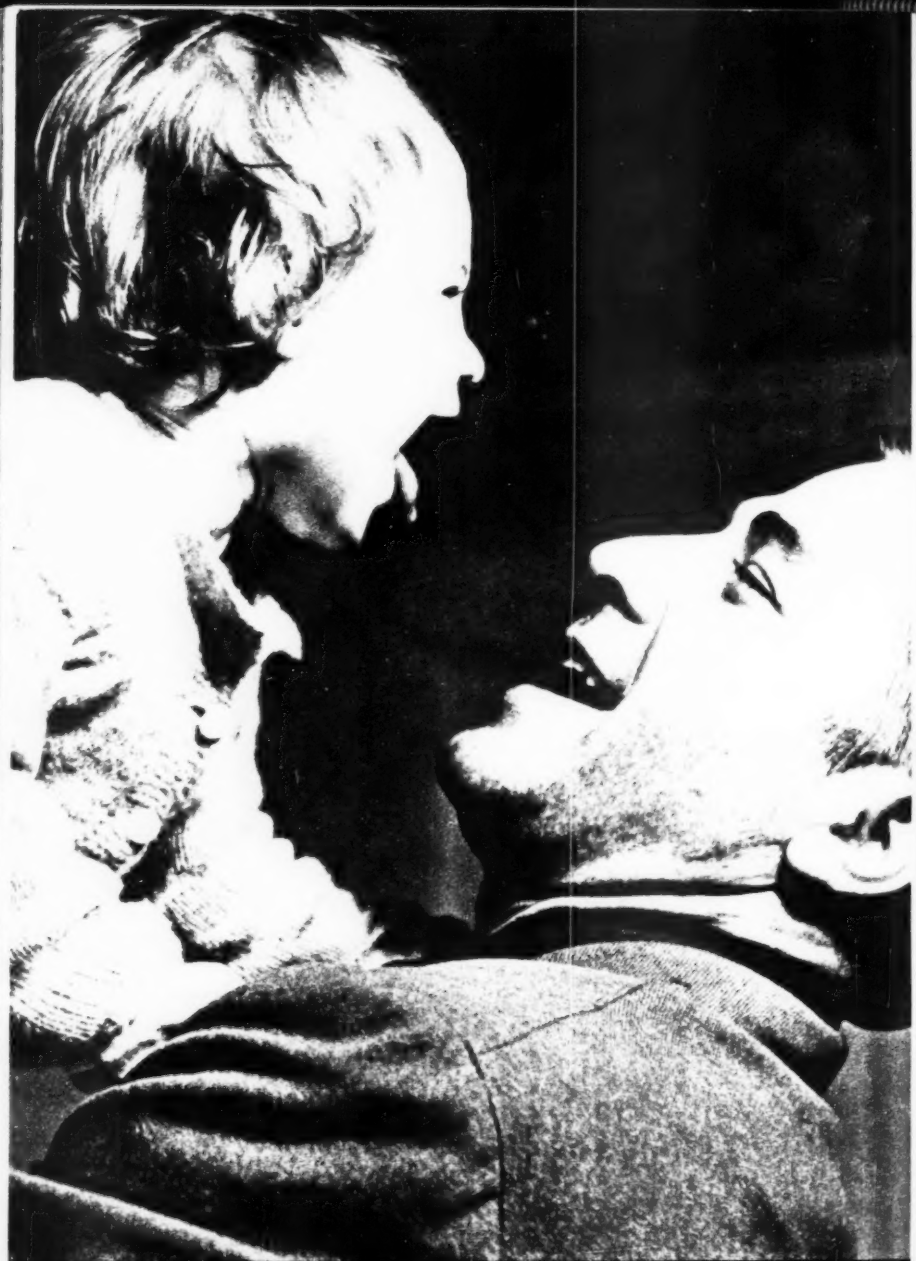




# LOVE

**T**HIS IS A STORY about the most powerful emotion of all. It is ours on the day we are born, and its aura lingers long after we have crossed the portals of the unknown. It leads us through the bewildering years of childhood, and lends a

sparkle to the days of youth. It brings inner meaning to our tenderest moments, and sustains us in whatever difficulties we may encounter. For love is the greatest miracle we know—an endless source of faith and understanding.



Love has many meanings. Parents find it in the music of a child's laughter, and the infinite trust of a child's hand. This is a love of both memory and discovery, for it begins in the days of childhood.



It begins with secure and happy hours, when every grownup brings a warm gift of love, and all the world is an enchanted playground, beyond the reach of harm. These magic days will never come again.



Love finds expression in a multitude of ways. In the first poignant anguish for an injured pet, compassion and unselfish love become forever a part of the widening world of maturity . . .



... and in the first delirious joy of caring for a cherished doll, tenderness and the all-embracing responsibilities of love add their richness to a world where all experiences are new.



In a child's untroubled realm, where every hour can be a lifetime, love overflows all boundaries, and the secrets shared in these happy days become lasting bonds of friendship through the years.





Devotion conquers every barrier. When momentous problems must be solved, love, and the sheer joy of being together, tip the balance and dissolve the doubt that any adventure could be more fun alone.



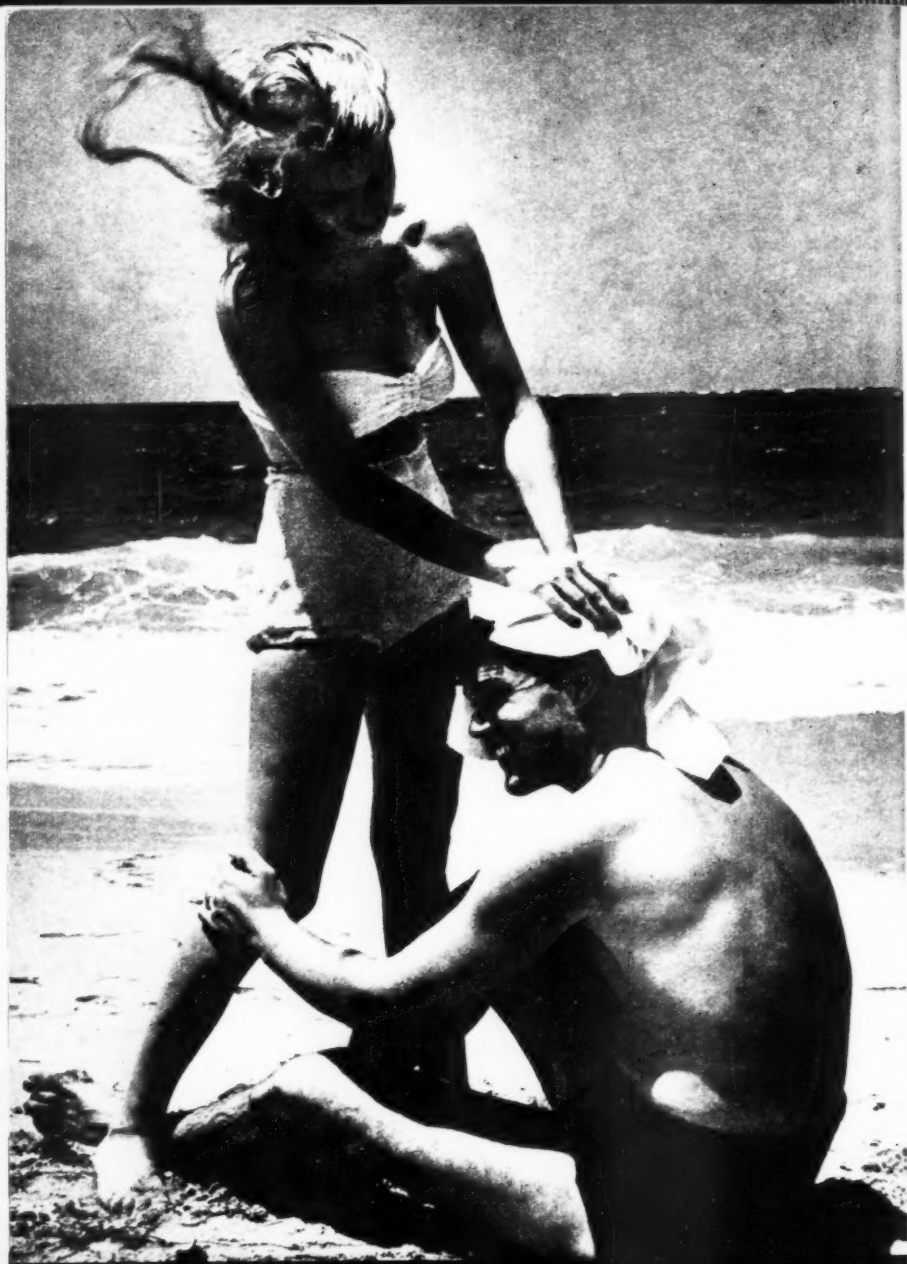
The whole world changes at love's awakening . . .



. . . and leads, as youth ripens into adulthood, to the perfect understanding of two people who have found a new perspective, not in themselves, but in all that they may some day bring to one another.



A world without love is a world without laughter. And in the carefree, vibrant days of youth are born the confidence and strength that will be theirs as they cross the threshold of tomorrow.



Love tunes two lives to one another . . .



... and transforms each perfect day into a precious memory.



Such love as this is not easily attained. It must be nurtured in the intimate relationships of life, drawing on the deep wells of character and truth. It can be gained only by giving . . .





... for love is the spark of life itself, keeping those who know it ever young, ever eager for a greater understanding in a world that never ceases to grow. For them, love is the vanquisher of time.



Love transcends all barriers of age, and in life's twilight hour brings the rich fulfillment of youthful dreams. And in the days to come, its spell will linger in the heart.

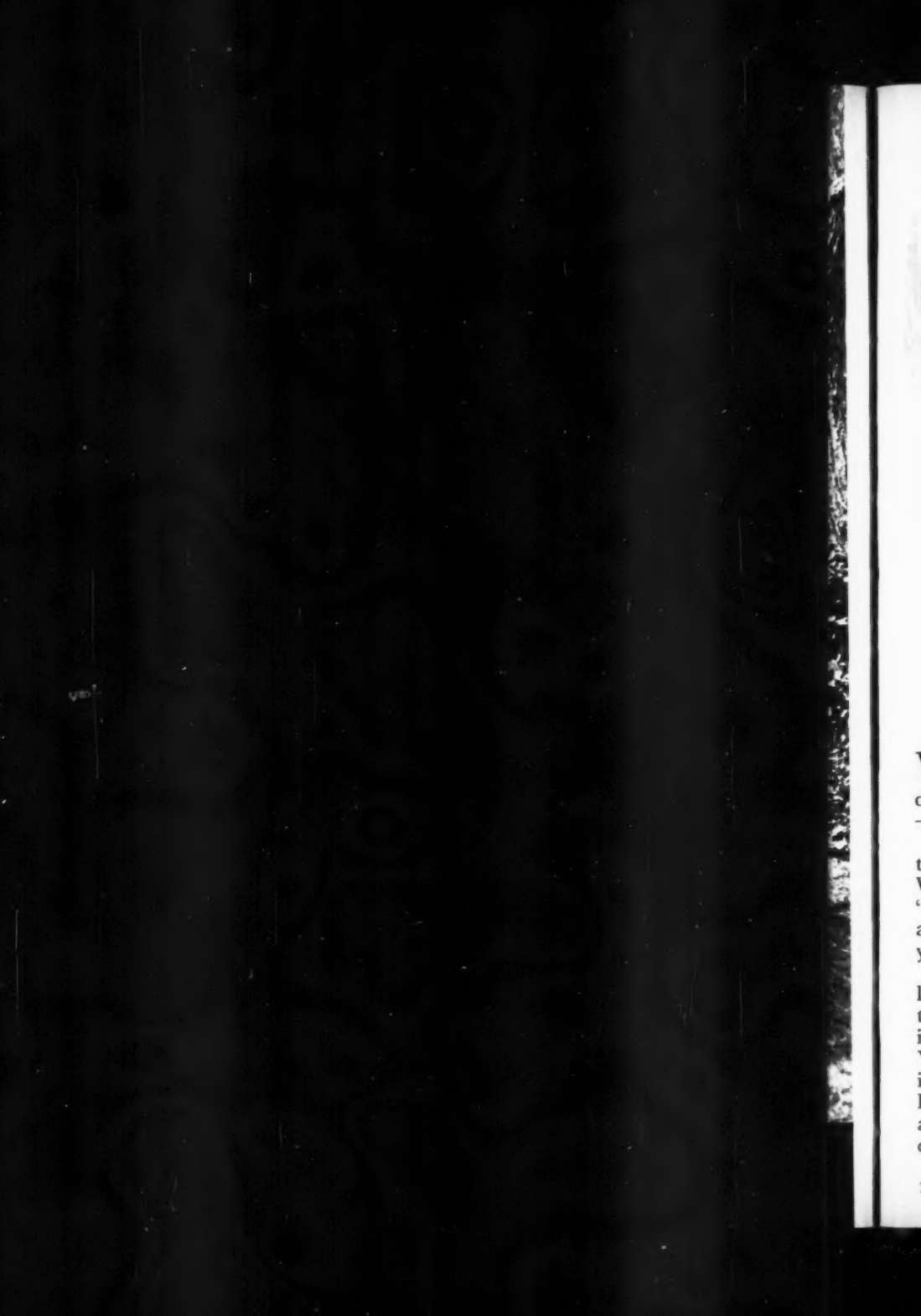


Yet, of all love, none is greater than the love of God. As long as faith and deep spiritual values guide our lives, this miraculous emotion can never lose its inward glow and deep significance.



And as each new generation grows toward maturity, its hopes and dreams will draw upon the eternal sources of love. For love is everywhere—a shining beacon of man's search for lasting happiness.









## Let Trouble Work for You

by MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE  
(Minister of The Essex Parish, Wadhams, New York)

You can make misfortune pay dividends, if only you don't indulge in self-pity

WHEN TROUBLE VISITS YOU or a member of your family, what do you do about it? Do you use it—or let it use you?

Most of us, when we get into trouble, become deliberate losers. We cheat ourselves. We adopt the "trouble stay away from our door" attitude. Or we sing: "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag."

Where does such sentimentality lead? As a minister charged with the pastoral care of some 500 families, I frequently see where it leads. You don't avoid trouble by ignoring it—you court it. Despite popular ditties, the dilemmas and disasters of everyday life cannot be dreamed away.

But trouble *can* be used to good advantage. Once you accept this fact, you will find that you can cash in on crises and make them pay big dividends. For how we use our troubles and what we use them for—on this the quality and quantity of life itself often depend.

The worst use to which we may put trouble is that of making it into a sympathy device. When our oldest child was a toddler, she summarized this technique in one sentence. Stopped in the midst of a crying spell by the question, "Joan, why are you crying?" she candidly answered: "When me cries, maybe I don't have to be good!"

Frequently I witness the same

technique in emotional toddlers of all ages. A youth brings home a failing mark from school. "The teacher has it in for me," he wails. "She's always picking on me!"

A veteran about to lose his sixth job in the last two years complains: "It isn't my fault. I'd be sitting pretty now if the war hadn't ruined my career."

A woman is asked to give time and energy to a community project. "Oh, I just can't," she hedges. "Ever since my operation, I haven't been able to do a single thing!"

The convenient headache, the comfortable incapacity—these are the time-worn investments of the sympathy-getter. What are the returns? The sob sister, the whiner, the complainer places himself at a tragic disadvantage. Even his best friend will seldom tell him that his indulgence in self-pity automatically makes him offensive.

I discovered such unconscious offense one morning while making calls on a hospital ward. "Will you speak to the patient in the last bed on the right?" the head nurse asked. "He upsets everyone on the ward."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Two cracked ribs, a broken ankle and . . . self-pity. He fell downstairs. He says he has internal injuries. But we find none."

As I approached the bed, I saw the usual signs of the sympathy-seeker. Though the patient next to him had just been returned from surgery, this man's radio was blaring. Propped on pillows, books strewn over his bed, he was suffering in comfort.

"When are you going home?" I asked him.

"Home?" he snorted. "I can't

go home." Then his voice sank. "Internal injuries," he added. "I'm in bad shape."

The harangue continued for quite a while. "Everything happens to me," the man finally concluded. "I never get a decent break!"

Just then a well-known singer's voice came over the radio. The patient's eyes lit momentarily.

"Do you enjoy listening to that singer?" I asked.

"I certainly do," he admitted. "She always sounds so happy."

"Do you suppose she always was?"

"Why not? Some people get all the breaks. If—"

"Now wait a minute," I interrupted. "Do you know where she was about seven years ago? Jane Froman was flat on her back in a hospital. A plane accident had left her with several serious fractures. And yet you say: 'Some people get all the breaks!' " . . .

WHEN TROUBLE COMES, you must discover in it a second use. A small-town businessman learned this fact when he put his business up for sale. Discouraged and overworked, he had long considered giving up his store. When a modern supermarket opened in the next block, he threw up his hands.

"What's the use?" he moaned, and tacked up a "For Sale" sign.

Immediately a neighboring merchant offered to buy. "What do you want for it?" he asked, looking at the crowded shelves.

"Can't tell yet," the owner countered. "Depends on inventory. Maybe \$5,000, maybe \$7,000."

Next day, stock-taking began. At week's end, the "For Sale" sign came down. Inventory taken, the

neighboring merchant could not touch the price. There was more than enough stock in that store to compete with the supermarket.

So when trouble comes to you, take stock. Before you throw up your hands, make an inventory and do a thorough job of research on your resources. Quite likely, you will be amazed at what you find.

Another way in which we may use trouble is to make of it a trial, a test, a time of proving. What, for instance, does the word "trial" mean to you? Tribulation, affliction, ordeal? For countless Americans, that is exactly what it means—that, and nothing more. Is there no alternative?

As a minister and counselor, I claim that there is. Trouble, rightly used, is not only tribulation. The word "trial" itself is defined not only as affliction, but as the process whereby we attempt "to test or prove by experiment." So the next time you meet trouble, try out this definition.

No matter what your trouble, you are in for an interesting time. I once suggested this technique to a woman who felt she was afflicted with a husband who didn't care about the appearance of their home.

"But when I get my new furniture," she scolded, "he's just got to be more careful!"

"Whose furniture?" I asked.

"Why my —" she started, then stopped short.

"Marie," I suggested, "you have a real problem, but why not make an experiment out of it? However, during that experiment, remember you have to work for your happiness and Sam's."

Not long ago I called on Marie.

On one end of her brand-new day-enport lay a neatly folded blanket. "What's this?" I asked.

"That," she informed me, "is my blood-pressure insurance. When Sam comes in at noon, he is tired. He really doesn't have time to unlace his boots. So I decided that leaving that old blanket there for him and his boots is a lot better than letting myself turn into a nag and a shrew."

It is only when real and deep trouble comes—when despair throttles us in heart, mind and soul—that life gets a chance at us. Then, and only then, do we make the last and highest use of trouble. That use may best be described by one family's reaction to possibly the most heartbreaking trouble that mortals can be called upon to face.

Eighteen years ago, American friends of Paul and Charlotte Reynolds received a terse note from them in China. "Happy is dead," is all it said. Happy, the six-year-old bit of sunshine who brightened her missionary parents' life at the lonely mission station, had died of whooping cough. What would *you* have done had you been that father and mother?

Here, if ever, are all the makings of a sympathy device. This is no situation involving mere self-pity or trumped-up grief. The compassion of every person is yours just for the asking. So now—what are you going to do?

But you are aghast. "Surely," you accuse, "you are mad! This is no dilemma. This is death. What we need is a tombstone!"

So might you conclude. So, tragically, most of us would conclude. And yet, consider now what the

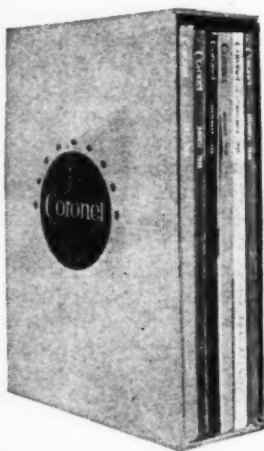
Reynolds actually *did*. Not long ago, Dr. Paul Reynolds spent a week at our home, between the speeches and conferences which keep him constantly in demand throughout the nation. "How did you happen to get into your special line of work?" asked a young father in the parents' group which had gathered to talk with him.

It was then that Paul Reynolds told very simply how he and Charlotte had come back to America; how they had started a home all over again; how they had made that home a center for other hurt hearts; how out of that counseling center had grown the idea which today has resulted in the Family Life Commission, a nation-wide in-

terdenominational service of which Reynolds is director.

"My work," he explained quietly, "is merely Charlotte's and my way of keeping Happy's spirit alive through enriching the family life of other people. It is our way of making sure that the life of Happy need never end . . ."

And so, how to use trouble? More satisfying than sympathy, more fundamental than fact-finding, more triumphant than trial, the last and highest use of trouble creates its own priceless reward. Once we have learned this lesson, we can face the future with new hope and confidence—for never again will we let trouble act as a stumbling block on our path to daily achievement.



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**C**ORONET belongs on your library shelves with the classics of the ages and the best-sellers of today. To help you preserve this enduring magazine, CORONET now offers two attractive, sturdy Magafiles—handsome booklike covers—each of which holds six issues. For only 50 cents both files are yours—one labeled January-June, the other July-December.

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What goes between Mexico and Canada? The United States. Now see how many of these "go-betweens" you know. If

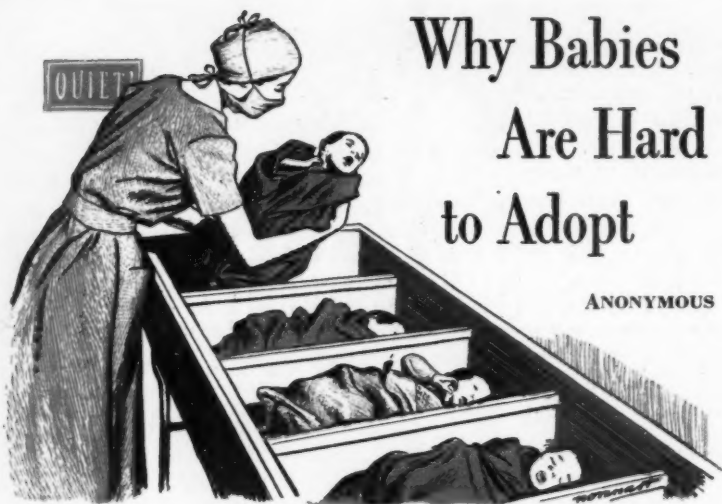
you fit in 15 missing links, your score is passing. Answer 20 or more correctly and it's excellent. Answers on page 166.

# MISSING LINKS

1. The Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn
2. Last quarter and first quarter of the moon
3. A Colonel and a Major General
4. A quart and a bushel
5. Alaska and Russia
6. Max Baer and Joe Louis
7. Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson
8. Venus and Mars
9. Central and Pacific Time
10. Kansas and Utah
11. France and Portugal
12. Beta and Delta
13. A foot and a rod

14. Captain and Admiral
15. A \$5,000 bill and a \$100,000 bill
16. A Star scout and an Eagle scout
17. A stiff breeze and a hurricane
18. Mardi Gras and Easter
19. A horse and a donkey
20. Wynken and Nod
21. Contralto and baritone
22. Memorial Day and Independence Day
23. 15 and 40 in tennis
24. Diamonds and spades
25. Hudson and East rivers.





# Why Babies Are Hard to Adopt

ANONYMOUS

Here is the inside story, full of drama and heartbreak, of what goes on behind the scenes of a child-placement agency

SOMETIMES I feel almost God-like. When I hand a baby over to his new parents, I can't help thinking about the part I am playing in destiny. Have we picked the right baby for these eager young people? Even more important, have we chosen the right parents for the baby? Will they love him and give him the chance in life he deserves?

Those searching questions have been going through our minds for months, 14 months to be exact—ever since this young couple first came to us. I remember the dismay on their faces when I said it would take us a year to find the right baby. I knew they felt, as many people do, that the social agencies were setting up obstacles to adoption.

Yet, as the months went by, they came to understand why it took so

long. In the years ahead, they would be thankful that they had chosen this safe—though slow—way to adopt their child. Because they could have “bought” a child from a baby broker.

You don't have to wait long for a baby there. You just pay your money, maybe \$500, \$1,000, even \$5,000. Perhaps you get a perfect child, fitted by nature to find a warm, proper place in your family life. But just as likely there is tragedy and heartbreak ahead.

When we look with horror at this brutal traffic in human lives, we sometimes feel that ours is a losing battle. In our agency, one of the largest in a big Eastern city, we have 2,000 applications a year, and yet we can care for only about 200 babies to fill this demand. It costs us more than \$500 to arrange for each adoption, and we are dependent on contributions. All over the country the story is the same—not

enough agencies, not enough money. So the baby brokers flourish.

Why should two deserving people have to wait a whole year to get a baby from an adoption agency? They wouldn't have to wait—if we were thinking only of them. But our concern is with the child, not just as a helpless baby but as a human being with a whole lifetime ahead. Therefore we start with the problem of establishing the motive for wanting to adopt a baby.

Take the case of another young couple who came to us. They were well-educated, had a nice home and managed their moderate income well. But I felt a growing tension as I talked to them. Finally they broke down and told the truth.

Their marriage was not going so well and they thought that a child might help save it. The woman couldn't have children, although this in itself had not been the cause of marital incompatibility.

I asked them what I have had to ask many times: "Do you think that would be fair to a child? If you two adults can't solve your problems between you, do you think a baby will help? Suppose it doesn't? Then what happens to the child?"

I can't blame these desperate, frightened people who want to make a go of their marriages. They clutch at straws. But it shocks me to find adults who don't realize that a child is a human being, with a right to a future in a happy home.

Of course, most couples who come to us want a baby for a good and honest reason—they can't have children of their own. Yes, they may prefer a boy, or a little girl with blonde curls. Natural parents have "dream children" too. But

sometimes these preferences become prejudices.

One day a businessman and his wife came to our office. Flatly he announced, "We don't just want a baby. We want a boy." It turned out that he desired a son who would go to the same college he had attended and ultimately become a business partner. We had to think twice about dooming a child to a future completely planned for him. Finally we turned the couple down.

At our agency, there are a pediatrician, a psychologist, a baby nurse, several case-workers and two supervisors, like myself, to whom the case-workers are responsible. In addition, we have an advisory board of top-flight physicians, ministers and sociologists. Yet we have been accused of wanting to know too much about people who apply for babies.

Suppose we ask about the health of the foster parents? Does that seem prying? Well, consider the case of a couple we turned down. The woman, not in the best of health, came of a short-lived family. Her doctor felt that her life expectancy was short. Would it be fair to subject a child to the upheaval that would come if he lost his mother? Our decision was "No."

This particular couple, however, were determined to have a baby. They did get one—and the child was only four when the mother died. The boy went back to an adoption agency. Now, two years later, he is still there.

We ask about the couple's income too, but not because we want them to have a lot of money. Actually, we would rather place most babies with parents in moderate

circumstances. One good example is the case of a garage worker and his wife who came to us timidly.

"We want a baby," they said, "but we're afraid you will think we haven't enough money."

We learned the husband had an income of \$60 a week, and that the couple's home was almost paid for. We realized they would never be rich, but we could see they would make good parents. We found a wonderful little boy for them. Our tests showed that he had great manual dexterity. When he grew up, he would be happy in a home where there was a father who worked with his hands.

Our interest in a baby usually begins long before he is born, when we spend hours discussing his future with his mother. Part of our concern at this time is for the unwed mother, too. We don't want her to be tormented by regrets or fears about the welfare of the child she has brought into the world.

Let me tell you about a typical case. Anne came to us five months before her baby was to be born. We have girls referred to our agency by various people—ministers, doctors, social workers. The girls live at home, in furnished rooms, or in maternity shelters. Anne moved to a shelter, where she could be assured care and privacy during the months ahead.

Anne was an intelligent, pleasant girl. "I want my baby to be adopted," she told me promptly. "I know that I won't be able to care for him properly."

"I don't think you should decide now," I told her. "We'll talk about

this again, but we don't want you to make a decision before your baby is born that you'll regret later."

She looked startled. "You mean you don't want to *make* me give up my baby?" Like most people, she had the idea that agencies put pressure on the mother to surrender her child for adoption.

After that I talked with Anne every two weeks, and learned a great deal about her background. I wanted all this information because the knowledge I had of Anne would help me understand her baby better.

There was one delicate problem—that of getting information about the baby's father. Not his name, but information about his age, background, nationality, appearance and health. She saw the need and gave me the facts. He was tall, blond, blue-eyed. Anne was tall, too. So we assumed that the baby, when he grew up, would be tall. This meant that even now, months before the child was born, we knew that the foster parents, if he were to be adopted, would have to be tall. That is just one example of our purpose in finding out all we can about background.

The months after Anne's baby was born were hard for her. He was a darling little fellow, and she began to waver. But when we figured the cost of keeping him, in dollars and cents, it became clear that adoption was the only course.

We found wonderful parents for Anne's baby boy. A few months later, when they sent me his photograph, I forwarded it to Anne.

"After seeing his smiling, healthy



face," she wrote, "I know that my decision was right."

There is no reason why children adopted through good social agencies should not fit perfectly into the homes chosen for them. They have one advantage that other children lack. Their parents are guaranteed to be healthy, mentally sound and economically stable. But even more than that, they have been selected because they fill the requirements of this particular child.

How do we know these requirements? Fortunately, psychologists have devised amazing tests that can be applied to infants. They give a reasonably accurate picture of the child's manual dexterity, character traits and intelligence.

Of course, we can't always guarantee that a child will get along perfectly in his new home. That is why we have a one-year probation period, during which we can help parents to adjust themselves to their new responsibility.

Sometimes the parents somehow find themselves unresponsive to the child. What do we do about it? We simply recognize the fact that such a thing is not at all unnatural. Just as you may find yourself unable to

"hit it off" with certain adults, so it may happen that there is a clash between a baby and a foster parent.

We had a case like that recently. We had gone over the whole situation carefully. The baby agreed upon looked like an ideal choice for that family. Yet, three months later, the mother told us tearfully, "I just can't warm up to her."

What did we do? We took the baby back. Adopted a few weeks later by another couple, she suited them perfectly. You might think that after such an experience we would turn thumbs down on the first couple. But we did not. In fact, we admired their honesty.

We tried again and found them another baby. The last time I saw this happy, sturdy child of three, she was adored by her parents.

Yes, we must solve many problems in matching child and parents. Not gifted with divine insight, we try in our all-too-human way to fulfill our responsibility. We believe, with Dr. Arnold Gesell, head of the Yale Clinic of Child Development, that "adoption must retain some elements of faith, adventure and sacrifice, but neither the faith nor the adventure need be blind."

### Postscript

A PERT YOUNG MISS streaked down the Grand Central Station platform for her train, due to depart within the minute. As she whizzed past a redcap, she shoved a post card in his hand, and gasped over her shoulder to please mail it.

Next day the girl's fiancé in



Trenton, New Jersey, received the post card, which ended with her remark, "I hope to make the 5:10 train for Chicago." Scribbled underneath in a different handwriting was this postscript:

"She made it." It was signed "Redcap." —N. JOSEPH STOCKWALTER



## What's the Secret of <sup>King</sup> Arthur Godfrey?

by CAROL HUGHES

A puckish redhead with 50 million devoted fans is one of radio's greatest phenomena

WHEN ARTHUR GODFREY was just beginning to earn a comfortable niche in the radio world in Washington, D. C., he found to his dismay that some people didn't like him. Not only that—they even took pen in hand and told him so in blunt terms.

One day after a White House press conference, he lingered to talk with President Franklin D. Roosevelt, also a Godfrey fan. Arthur mentioned in a sad voice that some of his mail was awful.

"I don't hurt anybody," wailed Godfrey. "Why do these people pick on me?"

Roosevelt let out one of his boom-

ing laughs, then turned to his secretary and said: "Take Arthur in and show him the master's collection!" Then, seriously, he added: "Don't worry, Arthur, as long as the letters keep coming. The time to start worrying is when you can no longer create an emotion strong enough to bother people."

Godfrey has never worried since. In fact, he has capitalized on the advice. The only letters he ever reads over the air are those that rib him or tear him apart. One such letter read:

"Yesterday I put a turkey in the oven. When you began to sing, the bird stuck his head out and shouted



"Turn the radio off and the gas on—it's easier that way!"

"Then," chuckles Godfrey, "my friends—God bless 'em—wrote in by the thousands, telling that bird where to go."

Godfrey's friends are legion. His audience is estimated at 50,000,000, with the devoted fans ranging from five-year-old youngsters to oldsters of 90. All of them are fiercely—even desperately—enthusiastic.

The strange appeal of this puckyish redhead has amazed advertisers, baffled radio executives and cast a spell of public mass-appeal second to none. It has earned for the funnyman master of ceremonies the phenomenal income of \$440,514 from the Columbia Broadcasting Company, topping even that of President Frank Stanton. It has also created a stag line of advertisers, begging to pick up the tab on any Godfrey radio time.

Arthur can sell anything. He almost disrupted the distribution of Chesterfield cigarettes when he began urging his hearers to buy them by the carton. When he began playing the ukulele over the air, sales of these instruments tripled.

His hilarious recording of the Thousand Islands song aroused such interest in a resort in the islands that the local chamber of commerce had to make maps for the thousands of tourists who poured in. In appreciation, they gave Godfrey an island—No. 793.

His recording of *Too Fat Polka* hit the million-mark in sales with a history-making speed.

What is the secret of his salesmanship? One magazine writer believes "There's something hypnotic and soothing in his voice. Even if you

don't listen to the words, it relaxes you." A radio executive says: "To the listener he appears to lean back in a rocking chair, put his feet on a cracker barrel and confab on the corn and the crops and the little events happening to neighbors."

Fred Allen calls Godfrey "the Huck Finn of radio"; and radio columnist John Crosby refers to him as "the barefoot boy of radio." But his great appeal was probably summed up best by five-year-old Pearl Balling of Kingsport, Tennessee. One morning, after Godfrey, "her close friend," had "visited her in the living room" and sung over the radio, he said in that plaintive way, "Oh my, the time is up, and I've got to go, but tomorrow—God willin'—I'll be back again . . ."

Promptly the little girl turned to her mother and said tearfully: "Oh, Mamma, he hates to go, he feels so sad about it. Why can't they let him stay longer?"

Godfrey agrees that his success is due in large part to his ability to project sincerity. People believe what Godfrey *says*—and hence they believe in what he *sells*. When he tells them about a product, he sounds like a friendly neighbor over the back fence. He never talks to the "laydees and gen-till-min of the radio audience."

"I figure," he explains, "that I'm talking to one person in a room," and adds: "If there is more than one person in the room and the radio is on, they're gonna git me outa there fast and listen to each other."

ANOTHER IMPORTANT FACET of the Godfrey salesmanship is, paradoxically, the thing that kept him on sustaining programs so long. He



gained a dubious reputation in the trade for kidding sponsors. This haunted him for years, because no one bothered to analyze *what* Godfrey was kidding.

"I have never maligned a product in my life," says Arthur flatly, "and if I could do it, I wouldn't advertise it."

What Godfrey really does is "rib the pants off the boys who write the copy." He delights, too, in playing jokes on anything connected with the product, such as slogans or symbols. Arthur claims he stumbled on this technique back in the days when he was on a local Washington station. One of Godfrey's oldest clients was Zlotnick, local furrier whose trade-mark was a stuffed polar bear standing at the door of Zlotnick's emporium. The copy said, "At the sign of the Big White Bear."

Godfrey had been saying this faithfully for some time when one day he stopped suddenly. "A big white bear . . ." he mused. "Why, that's no *white* bear! Mr. Zlotnick, did you ever look at that old bear? It's the dirtiest, most moth-eaten animal in town. That thing oughta be thrown in the Potomac!"

Bedlam broke loose. Zlotnick

roared. Washingtonians howled. Thousands of curious people wandered down to the shop to see the famous animal—and hundreds lingered to buy. Zlotnick's had to build a branch establishment to take care of the added business.

On another morning, Godfrey picked up the commercial for a lipstick sponsor. "It says here," he read, "that the lipstick comes in several alluring shades, including blackberry." After a pause, he added: "Blackberry! Alluring? It's revolting! . . . Oh, well, maybe it doesn't taste too bad. Anyway, it says here you can get the junior size for half a buck and the regular size for a dollar. Then there's the Ubangi size for a buck and a half, and for two bucks they'll probably pipe the goo right into your boudoir."

If a commercial suits Godfrey, he will follow the copy more or less as written. Frequently, however, he adds his own comments—which invariably delight the listener and boost sales of the product. Completely uninhibited, Godfrey often gets a spontaneous urge to do something on his own, such as the time on television when he ordered ice, a pitcher, glasses and water, and calmly mixed his own Lipton's iced tea before the camera.

Agencies and sponsors have long since learned not to interfere with Godfrey's methods, because they pay off in sales. In fact, his Chesterfield stunt paid off so well that it created chaos.

One day, Godfrey was spieling his lines about "gittin' a pack" when he suddenly stopped. "Now what the heck do you want to buy a pack for? Buy a carton! You smoke the things all the time—why

waste time and money? Go git a week's supply and forget about it."

The public began a stampede for Chesterfield cartons. Then the unpredictable happened—some 90,000 small cigar stands let out a howl. "We make our money on the pack!" they complained. "This Godfrey will have everybody buying from the grocery stores."

Chesterfield officials, alarmed, asked Arthur *not* to sell cartons. Undaunted, he replied: "It's only a matter of education. These boys will make more money—once the idea catches on."

It caught on. And now the sellers love Godfrey.

Godfrey is more closely identified with his products than any other radio personality, yet he refuses to sell himself or his time to any one sponsor. He likes dozens of products, and flatly tells manufacturers that they are silly to think an exclusive hour is worth more than a 15-minute program.

That Godfrey has been proven right in this regard is evidenced by his delighted sponsors and the latitude taken on their time. But they are still jealous taskmasters; each wants Godfrey exclusively, and they howl when they hear he has taken on a new sponsor.

On any of his programs, Godfrey may discuss one or all of his products. One night on the Chesterfield television program, he wound up like this: "Go out and git yourself a carton of these things now, and while you're there, buy some Lipton's tea, and some Glass-Wax, and Sugar Graham cookies—git everything . . ."

It seems incredible to think that the easygoing Godfrey ever had

to struggle for anything—and yet his climb to success has been longer and harder than that of almost any radio personality. He has worked, pleaded and begged for sustaining programs; he has threatened and cajoled to convince networks that he could make good. Even his childhood and early youth were filled with hardship.

The father, Arthur Hanbury Godfrey, was an Oxford graduate, a writer, an authority on the hackney horse, and a raconteur of charm. When he migrated to America, after having cruised around the world on a yacht, he was so lacking in business acumen that he refused to buy stock in Alexander Graham Bell's new telephone company when it was offered to him at a ridiculously low price.

"We not only went broke," says Godfrey, "we scraped bottom. When we got to the point where we were borrowing sugar from the second person without paying back the first, I took off."

Arthur was born in New York City in 1903, then moved to Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, and lived there until he "took off" at 14. The next ten years were a horror. Arthur lived by the skin of his teeth, often ragged, often hungry, more often cold. Once, while waiting for his first week's pay of \$10 as office boy, he slept on huge rolls of paper outside a newspaper office near Brooklyn Bridge.

Arthur ran the gamut of poverty—as a dishwasher, short-order cook, coal miner, cab driver—anything that would keep body and soul together. But always in the redhead's heart was a burning ambition to be somebody. Finally he went to a

clergyman and cried out his troubles. The kindly man of God urged Arthur to join the Navy and take the education offered there.

Today, Godfrey says: "The Navy, God bless 'em, saved me from oblivion."

He enrolled in radio-operator's school, studied hard, swabbed decks—and was happy. After an honorable discharge, Godfrey became a salesman of cemetery lots, then bought a half-interest in a vaudeville act in which he played the ukulele and sang.

When the act finally petered out, he joined the Coast Guard and went back to studying. But his interest had switched from the technical to the performer side of radio, and he found time to appear on two programs on a sustaining basis, then got a commercial—selling birdseed—at \$5 a program. Before his hitch in the Coast Guard ended, he became "The Warbling Banjoist" on a Baltimore station.

Time and talent and Godfrey's seeming indifference to sponsors soon brought him a small group of fans among Baltimore's early risers—and the chance of a better job at a Washington NBC outlet, as a staid announcer.

But the job bored Godfrey. He knew he wasn't right, but he was unable to find a way out. While his personality was groping, fate stepped in. A truck knocked him senseless, sending him to the hospital with 47 fractures.

Immobile in a cast for six months, with little to do but listen to the radio, a light began to dawn on Godfrey. To him, the station seemed stuffy in its approach to the audience. It seemed to him, lying in

bed, that the announcers were talking to him as though he were a "mass of people," and their technique irritated Godfrey.

When he went back to the job after his hospital siege, he began his intimate talk to one person at a time, "staggering around half-asleep" at 6 A.M. every morning, pulling out any records he could find, occasionally giving the Bronx cheer to bosses and sponsors. The fans began to love Godfrey, the unafraid and relaxed character.

More sponsors began to edge in and Godfrey found himself selling everything from birdseed to filmy lace unmentionables. One morning while reading a commercial straight, he found to his surprise that actually he was reading about black-lace panties on sale at a local store. Abruptly he stopped. "Whew!" he whistled, "is my face red! Why do they give me junk like this to read?" The store sold out completely, with thousands asking for the underwear "that made Godfrey's face red."

Arthur's salary was low, his hours were long. One morning, tired and discouraged, he began to play records. Finally he said to his audience: "I don't know what I'm doing around here. Anybody up and listening at this hour is nuts, or they want to know what time it is. I'll prove to you that nobody on NBC is listening—they're all in bed." And with that, he gave a long Bronx cheer to the head of the network.

Eventually he quit in a rage. Then, when he returned to apologize for the Bronx-cheer episode, he was refused reinstatement. "For which I have always been grateful,"

Godfrey says, "since that date, January 2, 1934, marked the beginning of my free-lance career."

Within a few days, a doubtful CBS took him on with a six-week contract—and a kindly fate began to head Godfrey's way. Now he is strictly a CBS man. He calls it "the people's station" because, he says, "there are people who work there."

By now, NBC realized the extent of the Godfrey appeal, so they decided to import a top New York announcer in an effort to finish Godfrey off. Arthur was worried. Dead serious now, he asked CBS to put him on from midnight to 6 A.M., playing records and chatting. He holed himself up at the transmitting station, then located in a Virginia swamp, and began the all-night stint, saying and doing exactly what came to mind. The time: January 26, 1934.

Pretty soon, things began to happen. Night-time radio "hams" across the nation began to pick up the Alexandria station. Arthur asked people to call in, and arranged that the phone conversations be carried to the audience. Soon, the network awakened to the Godfrey appeal and charm. Then one night, at 3 A.M., he announced that he was lonely, cold and hungry in his remote station. That did it.

Unknown to Godfrey, faithful Washingtonians promptly went to their kitchens and prepared sandwiches and hot coffee. Outside the station, Washington police were soon battling a mob, while inside, the telephone was jangling with calls from Miami, Maine, Canada, Cuba and Bermuda.

As 8,000 automobiles tried to get across a Potomac bridge to give



Godfrey his sandwiches, Arthur was placidly carrying on a telephone romance with a lonely girl in a New York hotel room.

Also in New York City, Walter Winchell sat fiddling with the radio dial. Up popped Godfrey. Winchell was entranced. By 4 A.M. he was even more entranced, and had packed his apartment with celebrities, including Billy Rose, Ben Bernie, Jimmy Cannon and Ruth Etting. When he put in a call to Godfrey and said: "This is Walter Winchell," Arthur quipped: "Yeah, and this is Ben Bernie."

But when Winchell let out with his staccato radio style, "Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. North America and all the ships at sea," Godfrey snapped to attention with, "Yes, sir. What can I do for you?"

Winchell wanted Bernie ribbed—and Godfrey was the man to do it. Next day, Winchell's column carried this item: "Add romances: Miss So-and-So and Arthur Godfrey of Alexandria, Virginia (who is too big for there). They cooed while a nation listened."

On account of the plug, CBS put him on the network in New York. It would have seemed that Arthur Godfrey's struggles were over;



they had, however, just started. "I laid an egg," he says. Back in Washington, the ambitious redhead set out seriously to study himself and his show. From 1934 to 1937 Godfrey recorded every program, carefully analyzed his errors, perfected his technique—and always kept preparing for another chance in New York.

In 1941, Arthur figured he was ready, and told CBS bigwigs so.

Candidly, network executives replied: "No, your stuff is all right for local Washington, but it's too corny for New York." Suddenly, the fuming Godfrey found he had an ace in the hole. NBC said: "All is forgiven, come home," and waved a New York contract in his face.

Godfrey walked blithely into the CBS office and announced: "It's been nice knowing you, but I'm going to work for NBC in New York."

CBS executives gave a gasp. "Oh, no, Arthur. We'll let you try New York and get it out of your system. Meanwhile, we'll keep your spot open here."

To CBS's amazement, Godfrey replied: "You're darn right I'm going to try it—but not at your expense! I've made a little money down here, and so you don't have to pay me anything up there until I make money for you."

He made the grade in one year. The rest is history.

Actually, Godfrey has been in

the big time less than five years. This year for the first time he made headlines when the Securities & Exchange Commission disclosed his before-taxes income of \$440,514. Godfrey could triple this if he were three people and could accept the tempting offers that pile up on his desk. He now has a Monday-through-Friday morning show from 10:15 to 11:30 o'clock; a Monday night radio and television show;

and a Wednesday night television program.

His old sponsors still resent his selling time to anyone else, but additional sponsors promise Godfrey the millions he has wanted so long.

Arthur needs all the money he can earn, for his responsibilities are multiple. He supports his wife and two children, a son by his former wife, a mother, a sis-

ter, a brother with five children, and he often must help distant relatives.

Godfrey owns an 800-acre farm near Catocin Ridge in Virginia, which his listeners have come to know almost as well as they know their own homes. On his morning show, he tells intimate details of his week end at home—about the weather, his guests, his chickens, the training of his stallion. He wants to share everything with his listeners—except his lawn. Arthur wishes curious people would eat their picnic lunches elsewhere.

Godfrey's nine-room house is a beautiful home—but modest. There

Next Month in Coronet:



Thirty-two extraordinary pictures lead you on an after-dark tour of the world's most glamorous capital. So vividly do these photographs convey impressions of Paris at night that you have the illusion of an exciting visit.



is a small steel fire-water reservoir which the family uses for a swimming hole. The fine horses and cattle he raises have proved to be profitable.

His corporation owns a Beechcraft airplane and hires a pilot to fly it. He flies it himself only occasionally. In New York he depends on cabs or a hired car to rush between studios on show nights. He owns a small racing sloop, which is for sale. "No one on a salary basis can afford luxuries these days," Godfrey says. Nevertheless, all this is a far cry from the ragged youth shivering on a pile of newspapers on a winter night.

His charming wife, the former Mary Bourke, enjoys the same country life that Arthur loves—riding the horses with little girl "Pat" and nine-year-old "Mike." Godfrey's chief regret is that he can no longer mix with crowds, ride the subways, take solitary walks on city streets. Wherever he goes, the ruddy face and red hair are like a beacon.

"There's Godfrey!" someone cries. Then the fans, the hangers-on, the name-callers, descend upon his few free hours. If he stops to write his name in one autograph book, a hundred other fans are waiting for his signature.

"I have to live like a hermit," he says. "But I love fame. I worked for it, and I appreciate every single person—God bless him—who makes me somebody."

**T**HOSE OF THE 50,000,000 fans who love Godfrey on the air and yet have not seen him in person, have missed nothing. For Arthur is exactly the same in real life. His humor, his drawl, his quizzical look,

his spiced talk are not ready-made for radio performances.

With real loyalty, Godfrey has carried the whole group that started with him on his non-sponsored, 6 A.M. programs to the top of the radio heap. His staff in the Arthur Godfrey Productions office at CBS tries in every way to protect him, to give him a few free moments, while the phone rings constantly and the line forms at the door.

The faithful Margaret "Mug" Richardson, in attendance since Godfrey's Washington days, is in charge. "Don't forget 'Mug'," Arthur insists gratefully. "Remember, she runs the joint—next in command to me." Yet, with more than 30 people on the job, Godfrey still has little time even to eat a leisurely dinner.

Four writers and a special assistant write his scripts, drag him faithfully through rehearsals, and place the order of business in front of him. Often Godfrey proceeds to ignore the scripts and says, "Hey, Archie, remember that thing I was humming the other night—te-dum-dum? . . . Hey, let's try that . . ."

Off they go at their unpredictable best, on a tune they haven't rehearsed, with a script known only to Godfrey's brain, and with the rehearsed sheet music tossed on the back of the piano. But the Godfrey show is on the air.

While ad copywriters dream of the beautiful prose they have composed, Godfrey is saying over the air: "Lipton's soup is a happy soup. It can trip right out over the edge of this stuff these guys have written to see what's goin' on. Now, naturally, a happy soup is bound to taste better than one that has been

canned and become neurotic . . ."

Now he quips, "You take this Glass-Wax job I've got in my hand . . . It's no trouble to open at all, you just take a Stillson wrench, put all your weight on the darn thing . . . and there, snap . . . see it come open! No trouble at all. It's easy.

Anybody got a bandage handy?"

While sponsors writhe, copywriters despair and network executives shake their heads sadly, entranced listeners chuckle from coast to coast. The warm, friendly, pliable Arthur Godfrey is wrapping himself around their hearts.



## Language Lesson

**T**HE TWO MOSLEMS were having an earnest conversation about learning English. One of them had been in America for several years and was giving the new arrival the benefit of his experience.

"The movies are all right. You can learn English there, but a

better place to learn is in church," said the more experienced English student. "Better English is spoken in church, and more slowly. Don't be timid. Everybody is welcome in church, and in addition to learning English there you meet some nice people."

—New York Sun

## Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

### Try Your Hand

(Quiz on page 79)

*Disguised Proverbs* 1. Birds of a feather flock together. 2. There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip. 3. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread. 4. Beauty is only skin deep. 5. He who steals my purse steals trash. 6. You can't teach an old dog new tricks. 7. Too many cooks spoil the broth.

*Tricksters* 1. Male kangaroos; 2. All 26 letters; 3. 144; 4. Hair; 5. February 29th. It occurs only once every four years. 6. Statue of Liberty; 7. Well-digging.

### Missing Links

(Quiz on page 153)

1. The equator; 2. New moon; 3. Brigadier General; 4. A peck; 5. Bering Strait; 6. James J. Braddock; 7. William Howard Taft; 8. Earth; 9. Mountain Time; 10. Colorado; 11. Spain; 12. Gamma; 13. A yard; 14. Commodore; 15. \$10,000 bill; 16. Life scout; 17. Gale; 18. Lent; 19. Mule; 20. Blynken; 21. Tenor; 22. Flag Day; 23. Thirty; 24. Hearts; 25. Manhattan Island.

# BRAINS IN A BOX

by ANDREW HAMILTON

The incredible, superhuman feats of new high-speed calculators are opening exciting vistas to U.S. science and industry

A TELEPHONE JINGLED in the Public Information Office of the University of California at Los Angeles. "This is Sam Greenwald of Paramount Newsreel," said the caller. "A wire from New York says to shoot some stuff on that 'electronic brain' you're building out there—the machine that plays poker, figures your income tax, dries the dishes, fixes cocktails and—"

"You mean the cathode ray tube digital electronic computer?"

"That's it."

Greenwald's New York office had been inspired by a fanciful newspaper report of a symposium held by 500 top engineers and mathematicians at UCLA. In the manner of excited fishermen just before the trout season opens, they talked about the so-called "electronic brains," "think machines" and "push-button calculators."

They discussed the giant calculators at Harvard and the Eckert-Mauchly machines in Philadelphia . . . heard John von Neumann describe his new machine under construction at the Princeton Institute for Advanced Study . . . compared the differential analyzers

at M.I.T. and Pennsylvania . . . heard what companies like International Business Machines, General Electric and Bell Telephone were doing . . . cocked an ear to future plans of the U. S. Bureau of Standards . . . wondered what the Russians were up to.

As yet, these amazing mathematical slaves of science and industry aren't ready to perform all the household chores that imaginative newspapermen have dreamed up. But they are among the most useful tools ever to come out of America's laboratories. One of the machines, built for \$750,000, recently was described as "the damndest Rube Goldberg combination of radio, typewriter, tape-recorder, organ console, switchboard panel, newspaper teletype ticker and Mecano set you ever saw."

They are astonishingly fast. For example, it takes an ordinary desk calculator about ten seconds to multiply two big numbers like 2,439,005,487 and 9,007,657,887. An electronic calculator does it in less than 1/500th of a second.

Or consider this. The Bureau of the Census currently needs 1,000 man hours and 200 machine hours for an editing process known as the "pricing" of export detail items. Designers of the UNIVAC system,

now being built, expect this computer to do the job in two hours.

The electronic machine will add numbers ranging up to 10 or 12 decimal digits at a rate of more than 3,000 per second, compared with a top performance of 20 additions per second on the kind of tabulator now being used by the Census Bureau. The electronic brain will do in a second what a top-notch clerk can do in a day with a desk-type adding machine.

One of the giant devices will (1) take the numbers involved in a problem, (2) read the instructions for a solution, (3) consult reference tables containing the results of past calculations, (4) store up intermediary answers in its "memory" and recall them as required, and (5) add, subtract, multiply and divide. It will do advanced algebra and calculus problems thousands of times faster and more correctly than the best engineer.

The high-speed machines may ultimately also perform the calculations necessary to give answers to such brain twisters of the physical and social sciences as these:

How hot can a gun mechanism get before it jams?

How does a nation-wide coal strike affect America's economy?

With what degree of accuracy can earthquakes be predicted?

What are the up-to-the-minute inventories and production figures of a giant corporation like U. S. Steel? Placed against sales, advertising and purchasing power, what do they spell for the future?

"Electronic brains" are even expected to help unsnarl air-traffic problems over the New York City and Washington airports . . . dis-

cover untapped oil fields . . . plot the navigation of rockets to Mars or Venus . . . help solve the mystery of cosmic rays that bombard the earth . . . trace the path of rainstorms, typhoons and hurricanes . . . provide new ballistics information . . . and give new meaning to census and income-tax figures.

THE HISTORY OF COMPUTING machines goes as far back as 1617, when an ingenious contrivance known as "Napier's Bones" was developed by a Scottish mathematician for multiplications. Then followed Blaise Pascal's "Arithmetic Machine" in 1642, the first real calculating machine; and Charles Xavier Thomas' calculator in 1820, first machine manufactured successfully on a commercial scale.

Two American developments during the 19th century—the keyboard and the calculating-machine printing device—gave rise to the kind of desk adding machines that most business offices now use. But World War II produced the "electronic brain"—the device which is expected to "think through" the secrets of the universe.

The Navy put its chips on Dr. Howard Aiken, who was then working on one of the forerunners of an "electronic brain." The Navy made him a three-striper and kept him on duty at Harvard. The Army backed two young physicists at the University of Pennsylvania, Dr. John Mauchly and J. Presper Eckert, Jr. From the wartime work of these and other scientists developed the all-electronic machines. Two of them are now in use—the Eckert-Mauchly ENIAC (Electronic Numerical Integrator and Com-



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puter) and IBM's SSEC (Selective Sequence Electronic Calculator)—while others are being built.

Operators of automatic calculators don't necessarily have to be mathematicians. But a trained mathematician, using code books which cover every known type of mathematical problem, must prepare and supervise the task. The operator punches code holes in a tape fed into the machine. The pattern developed on the tape is equivalent to a spoken order:

"Take the number out of box 1, multiply it by the number in box 2; take the square root of the product and add it to the number in box 5; put the result away in box 8; add the numbers from boxes 47 to 89 and divide the sum by the number in box 90; subtract from this quotient the product of the numbers in boxes 112, 113 and 119; square the remainder; add this square to the sum you left in box 8; put the answer in box 142; let us know when you are finished."

An electronic calculator should be able to scratch its mechanical head and come up with an answer in about 1/80th of a second!

For the Army, Mauchly and Eckert constructed the ENIAC at the Moore School of Electrical Engineering, University of Pennsylva-

nia. To this machine goes the honor of being the first all-electronic, high-speed calculator—the world's first true "electronic brain." Now at the Army Proving Grounds in Aberdeen, Maryland, it occupies a room 30 by 60 feet, weighs 30 tons, has 18,000 vacuum tubes and computes at a pulse rate of 100,000 per second. Soon after its completion in 1946, a difficult wartime problem that would have taken a single man more than 100 years to complete was sent humming through its circuits.

Last January, IBM dedicated its latest large-scale machine, the SSEC, in New York City. The electronic portion of this calculating device is roughly comparable in mathematical size and function to the ENIAC. But, in addition, it has a truly large-scale memory of 400,000 digits stored on tapes. Also, an extremely flexible "instruction system" makes it possible to rearrange the entire setup as often as 50 times a second, permitting the machine to reconsider its marching route, and to make its own decision on which turn to take.

Like an ordinary table radio, the giant calculators can blow a tube or develop internal troubles akin to mental disorders. This has led the inventors to devise all sorts of warning signals—violet lights that snap on, bells that kick up a racket—to indicate the source of trouble.

At Harvard, they still recall the summer evening when lights flashed and bells began to ring all over Aiken's Mark II machine. Investigation revealed that moths and other insects had flown into an electric relay. Since then, the machine has been moved to the Naval Proving





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Grounds at Dahlgren, Virginia, where it operates in an air-conditioned building.

Giant calculators are expensive to build, and probably could not have been constructed by colleges and universities without government support. The ENIAC and the SSEC, for example, cost \$750,000 apiece, while the new EDVAC, an Eckert-Mauchly machine now being completed by the University of Pennsylvania, may run to \$400,000. These will probably never be turned out in quantity. More likely, they will be built at industrial centers and rented to organizations having a problem solvable only by an "electronic brain."

However, several companies are developing smaller and relatively less expensive calculators, designed for business and industry. An example is the BINAC (Binary Automatic Computer), recently announced by the Eckert-Mauchly Computer Corporation. Five feet high, four feet long and one foot wide, it is movable, fits in a medium-sized office and costs only ten cents an hour to operate.

Another comparatively midget-sized "electronic brain" is the REAC, a non-digital differential analyzer produced by the Reeves Instrument Company. Problems that were

estimated to require 2,949 man-days for solution by trained mathematicians were licked in 108 man-days with the computer. Cost of solution by hand was estimated at \$73,725, compared with \$3,240 on the machine.

But the device that most excites scientists is now under construction by Dr. John von Neumann at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton. With the financial backing of the Army, Navy, Air Force and the Atomic Energy Commission, von Neumann is building a machine that will be speedier, more accurate and have a bigger appetite than any other. Not yet officially named, it has been wryly suggested that it might be called MANIAC—Mechanical and Numerical Integrator and Calculator.

The calculator inventors are somewhat like aircraft designers. Even before the latest models in production have been put to use, they dream over their drawing boards about bigger, better and more streamlined jobs. As one scientist put it recently: "Yesterday, the mathematician's domain was merely that which he could see from the top of an anthill. Today we look down from the foothills. Tomorrow, we will be up there on the highest peaks."

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## WATCH THE BUTTER FLY

During the war, The Springs Cotton Mills was called upon to weave a special cotton fabric which was bleached, coated with emulsified rubber, cut into strips, put on rolls, and shipped to hospitals all over the world for use as adhesive tape. In all, 600,000,000 yards of tape were delivered between Pearl Harbor and Hiroshima, and the looms are still running. This cloth, known to the trade as *STICKER*, is now available to the false bottom and filibuster business, and is woven 40½" wide, 74 x 86

count, and weighs 2.80 yards per pound before coating. It comes in tearose, nude and white.

Don't depend on buttons and bows, but switch to *STICKER* and let the SPRINGMAID label protect you from the consequences of embarrassing accidents such as pictured above.

We stick behind our fabric and feel its tenacity so strongly that we call it an insurance policy to provide full coverage. Our only competition comes from a tattoo artist.



**SPRINGS MILLS**



200 Church Street • New York 13, New York

Atlanta Chicago Dallas Los Angeles St. Louis San Francisco

For a 1950 calendar showing 14 of the SPRINGMAID ads, send 50 cents to Springs Mills, Dept. CT-15, at the above address.

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS, president of The Springs Cotton Mills, has written another book, "Clothes Make the Man," which was indignantly rejected by every editor and publisher who read it. So he had it printed privately and sent it to his friends for Christmas. After they read it, he ran out of friends, so there are some extra copies. It contains a veritable treasury of useless information, such as how to build cotton mills, how to give first aid on Park Avenue, and how to write advertisements.

If not available at your local bookstore, send a dollar and postage to us.

He has also designed a sport shirt with 16 SPRINGMAID girls printed in 6 colors on SPRINGMAID broadcloth. It is made small, medium, large, and extra large. Send us \$3, and we will mail you one postpaid in the United States. Children's age sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 are available for \$1.25. Or, if you want to make your own, send \$2.50 for four yards of material 36 inches wide.

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LADIES' TUCKAWAY SIZE, SAME PRICE

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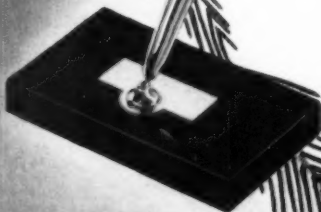
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